THE LIVING AGE

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A WEEK OF THE WORLD

THE DELAY IN THE APPEARANCE OF THE LIVING AGE IS DUE TO A GENERAL STRIKE OF THE PRINTING TRADES IN BOSTON. AFTER MAY FIRST, WE HOPE TO RESUME PUBLICATION UNDER NORMAL CONDITIONS —IN ACCORDANCE WITH ARRANGEMENTS MADE LONG BEFORE AND INDEPENDENT OF THE STRIKE.

EUROPE APPRAISES OUR PRESIDENTS.

At the close of the March fourth session of the Hungarian Parliament, there was a great ovation to President Harding. On the motion of Representative Karl Hussar, the National Assembly directed its speaker to send a message of greeting in the name of the Assembly, of all Hungarian parties, and of the Hungarian nation, 'to the President of the great American republic.' In his speech supporting the motion, the delegate referred to the United States as the first country to come to the help of the Hungarian people after the overthrow of the Bolshevist government in Budapest. The welfare work of the Americans was a splendid example of human solidarity. The members rose from their seats as a token of respect when the resolution was read.

THE *Journal de Geneve,* one of the most prominent exponents of neutral opinions in Europe, expresses itself as disillusioned with President Harding's inaugural speech. It says, that 'like his predecessor, Mr. Harding seems to delight in abstract generalities and moral themes; but we do not discover in his words the nobility of accent and the note of profound idealism which, in spite of everything, gave such an air of distinction to Mr. Wilson's public utterances.'

A Paris correspondent of the same paper, summarizes the judgment which the French press passed upon Mr. Wilson, at the time of his retirement, as follows:

'Most of them credit the President with noble sentiments, ill-supported by practical knowledge of European problems. . . . Perhaps the greatest wrong done him was in placing him upon too lofty a pedestal. . . so that disappointment was inevitable. . . . It was in passing from the realm of idealism to the realm of facts that Mr. Wilson proved wanting. He believed himself in posession of a revelation,—an all-powerful master of destiny. He left out of account the constitution of his own country, refusing the cooperation of the Senate, without which no

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treaty could be ratified; he serenely ignored the outcome of the election which gave the Republicans a majority in Congress; he occasionally formed unjust and summary opinions regarding European matters. But he was encouraged in all these faults by the foreign statesmen associated with him, most of whom regarded him as a dangerous man, not to be utterly opposed, but to be brought around by various devices. No one ever talked to him frankly. This explains his blunders.'

A PEASANT CONGRESS IN BULGARIA.

THE Bulgarian compulsory labor law, the principal provisions of which we published in our issue of December 11, could not be put into effect on account of the veto of Great Britain and France, who feared that it might disguise a plan to organize the whole nation on a military basis. It was essentially a farmer's project, and the Bulgarian farmers are far from being militarists. Last February, they held a great congress in Sofia, attended by five thousand peasants. The mottoes which adorned the hall where their sessions were held were significant. Here are some of them:

Long live the International, which shall dedicate the People of Europe to fraternity, and shall suppress the dictatorship of minorities!

Farmers, join hands. The plow and the plow horse feed the world.

To the scaffold with the men who caused the war, and with militarists.

The Bulgarian peasant organization invited the peasants of other Balkan countries, Czecho-Slovakia, Austria, Bavaria, and Germany, to send delegates to this congress, but very few representatives from those countries were able to reach the Bulgarian capital. While the congress championed rural radicalism, it would have nothing to do with the radicalism of Lenin. It opposes a Green International to the Red International; small free holds to communal agriculture; farm unions to labor unions. Yet sentiment was in favor of entering into relations with the International Bureau of Labor.

ADOBE IN EUROPE.

THE present scarcity of houses and high cost of building have revived interest in Europe and Great Britain in *pise,* or what we would call in the United States adobe. *Pise* walls, according to recent British reports, can be built for two fifths the cost of ordinary brick walls, in addition to which, the expense of plastering is entirely avoided, as these walls can be finished like ordinary mortar walls, directly on the surface. The French, who are building such houses in Ypres, find that these walls can be distempered so as to take wall paper without staining. In the suburbs of Brussels, three-story buildings of *pise* are now being erected. In England, the system is to have the first story eighteen inches thick, and the second story fourteen inches thick. This construction dates back to Roman or pre-Roman times in Spain and other Mediterranean countries—in fact, back to the sun-dried brick of Egypt. The modern European method, however, resembles more closely our concrete construction, the adobe being compacted *in situ,* in wooden forms.

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THE UNITED STATES VS. LIBERTY.

THE Spanish press is reviewing, without unqualified approval, a little documentary work of some three hundred pages, by Isidro Fabela, a talented young Mexican writer and diplomat, reviewing the relations of the United States with Cuba, the Philippines, Panama, Nicaragua, and Santo Domingo. The title of the work is: *Los Estados Unidos contra la libertad.* Its thesis seems to be two dicta enounced by international jurists: 'No foreign power has the right to set itself up as a judge of the conduct of the head of another country, or to force the head of another country to change its policy in any respect, and: It follows necessarily from this principle that governments are free and independent, that each possesses the right to govern itself as it may judge expedient, and that no other government possesses the slightest right to interfere in the operations of another government.' Spanish reviewers are brought to a pause by the fact that incidents have occurred in some Spanish American countries which 'at least afford a pretext for Yankee intervention in their domestic affairs.'

JEANNE D'ARC ON LONG ISLAND.

FROM Paris, by way of a German channel, comes the following comment regarding a statue of Jeanne d'Arc said to have been recently placed in a church at Elmhurst, Long Island. Introducing the anecdote with the observation that no such statue has been set up in England, and that the incident has been featured as an indication of Franco-American friendship, the narrator says: 'The statue has a history. The details are not even yet fully known. One of the boulevard dailies has merely hinted at the story. Soldiers of the Sixtieth regiment of the United States Infantry took the statue back to America with them. They did not collect public subscriptions and commission a sculptor to make it. Neither are such statues of more than life size commonly found in antiquary shops. So our Paris newspaper remarks that it is surmised that some French commune is mourning the loss of one of its works of art. Of course, this paper says, no one would accuse the soldiers of stealing such a monument. (The German comment is that this is a charge reserved for the Hun.) 'The Americans carried off the statue in an excess of enthusiasm, as a memorial of the sacred cause of the Allies.'

RUSSIAN RUMORS.

EVIDENCE is accumulating that the discord between Lenin and Trotzky so often reported during the past two years—at times in a very sensational way — actually exists. A current newspaper debate between the two men—is conducted by Lenin in the Petrograd *Pravda,* which is edited by his supporters, while Trotzky employs as his press organ the Moscow *Pravda,* which is edited by one of Lenin's opponents, Boukharin. In an article in the Petrograd *Pravda* of January 30, Lenin refers to a long debate in the Central Committee of the Communist Party, occupying two sessions in November and December, 'when Trotzky was left standing alone among its nineteen members.' Lenin accuses Trotzky of 'stabbing the party in the back' and then continues: 'Is there a

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single serious man in his right mind who considers such attacks, by so prominent a leader as Trotzky, as right and honorable?' The particular matter at issue in this controversy is the part the Trade Unions are to be allowed to take in the political and economic administration of the country. Lenin apparently favors enlarging the powers of the unions, and liberalizing somewhat their constitution, while Trotzky inclines toward an increasingly military organization of labor.

ACCORDING to statistics published in the *Krasnaya Gazeta* last January, there are 24 trade unions in Russia with 6,970,000 members enrolled. However, a majority of the latter 'have been ascribed to the union mechanically.' Not more than half a million of these are communists. These unions are industrial rather than craft organizations;—that is, they are groups of employees of particular industries rather than the employees in particular trades.

Isvestia mentions in its issue of January 12 the organization of a Communist Party in China.

Ekonomitcheskaya Zhizn reports that the government succeeded in collecting just under 100,000,000 poods of grain from the peasants last autumn. This is less than half the amount laid down in the government programme.

Thieving is very common among the employees of the textile factories in Russia, if we are to believe *Krasnaya Gazeta's* report of the congress of textile workers held in Petrograd last winter. Operatives stealing trifles 'such as a half pound of cotton' are not infrequently reprimanded, but 'those guilty of large thefts are not discovered.'

Because of the paper shortage in Russia, the authorities recently decided to use old archives, and old editions of presumably 'bourgeois' works for paper stock. A writer in the *Krasnaya Gazeta* of January 12 describes how valuable historical documents, costly editions of the classics, and even soviet publications—apparently through inadvertence—are thus being destroyed. This writer says that some 2000 pounds of an official pamphlet printed only last year were sent to the paper mills to be ground into pulp, while a second edition of the same pamphlet was being published.

The following quotation from *Isvestia* relating to the Vanderlip concession in Kamschatka illustrates rather aptly some aspects of Bolshevist statesmanship and the assumptions upon which its foreign policies are based: 'In granting it—its concession—we are defending Kamschatka against military seizure by Japan on the one hand, while Japanese expansionists will keep a sharp eye out to prevent the Americans from placing troops in the territory. The Americans will be allowed to import only machinery. This will enable soviet Russia to retain control of Kamschatka. With the development of the proletarian revolution in America and in Europe,—and this will occur within a few years, if not within the next few months,—the capitalist order will be destroyed, and we shall inherit a very considerable amount of American machinery and goods from its late bourgeois society.'

WHILE Paris and Berlin have their dadaists, and Milan its futurists, Moscow has its 'imaginists,' according to

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a Russian newspaper published in Prague. Imaginism is the last fashion of a group of young poets who are still running an art store in Moscow, one of the rare private shops which has not yet been nationalized. What these young Bolsheviki in poetry and painting are up to is rather obscure. One of them tries to explain the movement by saying that 'the word is in reality an image. We are not interested in the content of the word or in its sound. Under those aspects, the word belongs either to philosophy or to music. . . . We are seeking to poetize poetry by eliminating philosophy and music from it.' Just what this means, we leave our readers to 'imagine.' The only further ray of light we can throw upon the subject is the following remark by a Russian critic, Lvov-Rogatchevsky, at an imaginists' reunion, held in their favorite cafe in Mascow: 'Imaginists? What does the word mean in good simple Russian, without going into philosophical technicalities? It means "hot air" artists. And the Bolsheviki? Are they not past masters of imaginism—of the "hot air" art?'

LAST autumn, the Russian government placed with firms in Sweden, Germany, Austria, and Czecho-Slovakia, orders for 2000 freight locomotives and $15,000,000 worth of spare parts for locomotives, as well as for several pumping plants. Orders for 1000 of these engines were placed in Sweden, 100 to be delivered this coming summer, and the whole order to be completed by 1925. Orders for the remainder were placed in the three other countries mentioned. Most of the parts are being made in Germany. All the locomotives are of a single type, and the makers in the four countries guarantee that all parts, wherever made, shall be interchangeable. A contract has been placed with an English firm for the repair of 1500 locomotives, and negotiations are under way for the repair of between 2000 and 3000 locomotives in Germany, Norway, and Denmark.

RACE PROPAGANDA.

ELBRIDGE COLBY, discussing the coming clash of races in *East and West*, a Calcutta review, mentions the following suggestive incident:

'Down in the tropics in Panama City, there is published a negro weekly called *The Workman*. Up to a short time ago, this was devoted almost exclusively to news of the West Indian homes of the colored workers on the Canal. It was a sort of consolidated "home town paper," bringing back local gossip to those who had left their native localities. When the labor problem, complicated with the race question, became acute on the Canal Zone, this sheet was gradually transformed. Slow infiltration of propaganda became evident. Finally, the alteration was complete, and *The Workman* today is almost pure agitation, a Central American replica of *The Negro World*. It assails white labor, white foremen, white administration, white justice, even white ministers of the gospel. The only thing about it not colored black is the paper on which it is printed.

It proclaims a negro democracy, and urges former soldiers in the British West India regiment to retain their skill at arms for a future war for black liberty and black democracy. To it, the color line shall no longer be a frontier of freedom. Its work has been

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effective because it was gradual, and because by penetrating an established journal it took over a clientele already formed, and had a circulation among subscribers to the weekly in its original character.'

A PROTEST AGAINST BEANS

AMONG whimsical bits of self-criticism now current in the Spanish press is that of a contributor to *La Vanguardia,* who believes that one cause of Spain's decadence is its staple national food—beans. He condemns this diet as a symbol of routine, laziness, and lack of ambition. He says beans are the easiest thing for a man's wife to cook; all you have to do is to put them in a kettle and they attend to themselves. A nation that is too lazy mentally to think out a varied fare is hopeless. He urges that repetition of the same diet encourages people to fall into a physical rut, which is invariably reflected in their mental habits. A steady diet of beans 'tends to keep individuals and nations *in statu quo.*'

MINOR NOTES

THE abrupt fall in the price of wool has produced a situation in New Zealand and Australia somewhat akin to that in our own grain raising states as the result of the fall in the price of wheat. New Zealand banks have made large advances against wool deposits and shipments. In order to avoid too much strain upon their straitened credit, the government has already authorized the banks to increase the issue of their notes not only to the extent of their nominal gold reserve, but also to the extent of advances which they had made on first class securities, and to their investments in government bonds. Now, it is proposed to authorize them still further to increase their note isue, to the extent of the advance which they have made on wool shipments. The amount of paper money circulating in New Zealand is already three and a half times what it was prior to the war.

AMONG the latest devices for speeding up output in England is to provide music in factories, not only during the rest period but during the period of employment. The *Daily Chronicle* reports one firm as saying: 'When the brass band plays, liveliness is born among the workers, and they are heard whistling and singing tunes as they push on with their work.' Naturally, we have the old precedent of music in the army. It has long been the custom in certain industries, such as garment making, and cigar making in Cuba, to employ readers to entertain the operatives while at work.

LAST February, Danish butter was advertised in Holland, itself a vast dairy farm, for 2.90 gilders a kilogram, wholesale. It is reported that consignments of Danish and Canadian cheese are on their way to that country. Explanation: Dutch dairy products have not grown scare, but Dutch laborers, who even to-day eat margarine, must have such high wages that native cheese and butter are sold at unobtainable prices. There is an old Dutch saying that the good old times will never return when one could buy a pot of butter for a double groschen.

> Een potje boter
> Voor eenen stooter
> Die goede tyd komt nooit weerein.

BOTH unemployed and employed members of the engineering trades in

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Great Britain exhibit growing bitterness because ship owners are sending their vessels to continental ports to be repaired, on account of the cheaper rates to be obtained there. British vessels are said to be lying six or seven abreast awaiting their turn for repairs at European yards, while many British yards are idle. British ship owners and ship builders claim their action is due to strikes at home, which are likely to hold up vessels under repair for an indefinite period, to the great loss of the owners.

THE latest buyers' strike is reported from Roumania, where it is said to be impossible to find customers for imported goods. The ports and railway stations are congested with unsold merchandise for which there is no market. Partly this is due to difficulties of distribution, on account of the ruined condition of the railways. Immense losses are being incurred by exposure and improper storage. Machinery is rusting and dry goods are being destroyed by mold and damp.

(Rome Political and Literary Monthly)

THE ANGLO-AMERICAN CONFLICT

BY LEONARD VITETTI

[This study is to appear in a volume entitled *Il Conflitto Anglo-Americana*, which will shortly be published at Rome. Its author is a well-known journalist and London correspondent of *Idea Nazionale*.]

(*Rassegna Italiana January 31*)

BY 'Anglo-American conflict' we do not imply that a war is imminent, or will necessarily ever occur, between the British Empire and the United States; nor do we assume that either government wishes to bring to an immediate issue its present and impending controversies with the other. None the less, that conflict is a political fact, which Italians should understand clearly, and which will have a determining influence upon the future policies of both these governments.

This conflict is not a new one. The whole history of the United States has been dominated by its relations with the British Empire. For many years, those relations were shaped by their commercial rivalry. But the war in Europe, ending as it did with the annihilation of Germany's navy and the creation of a powerful American navy, with Germany's exclusion from South America, with the elimination of Russia from the Great Powers, and with a profound change in the problem of the Pacific, has produced a political situation which can best be described as a state of actual conflict between England and America.

Since the United States has taken the place, or is rapidly taking the place, of Germany, in practically all the positions which Germany held before the European war, it inevitably—I might say mechanically—comes into conflict with England. Its naval policy is opposed to England; its pan-American policy is opposed to England; its general foreign policy is opposed to

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England. America is seeking to erect an economic world suzerainty under the banner of national self-determination. In this campaign, the bold and venturesome spirit of the Yankee is measured against the consummate experience and inflexible will of the Briton.

Having before our eyes, as we have, the history of the origin of the World War, we can to-day predict, with approximate certainty, the outcome of this antagonism. Studying the history of Anglo-German relations from 1898 to 1914, we have a guide to the way the new conflict will affect the responsible constitutional statesmen who govern those two great nations. Lord Haldane's Memoirs, published a few months ago, the Memoirs of former Premier Caillaux, those of Bethmann-Hollweg, and those of Admiral Von Tirpitz, all agree that the British government wished a friendly settlement with Germany. But clear sighted as were the men who strove, in the best of faith, to insure harmony between these countries, it remained for the still keener eye of bitterly abused Treitschke to perceive that eventual war between England and Germany became certain, as soon as Berlin decided upon an independent colonial policy.

From 1898 to 1914, England, confronted by the growing strength and imperial ambition of the Germans, pursued a consistent and cordial policy of peace. This was absolutely the same policy that it pursues to-day, and will pursue to the very limit, toward the United States. That is not because England is at heart pacifist. During the past three centuries, it has taken part in nearly every European war, and has fought independently in every quarter of the globe. Great Britain's policy of peace is dictated by the fact that its great empire has reached a stage of development which Cramb described, on the eve of the World War, by comparing it to the Roman Empire in the days of Titus. That is, its supreme interest is to preserve the *status quo*. There are pro-Germans among us who argue that England and not Germany caused the World War. My own opinion, from the inadequate and fragmentary knowledge we as yet possess, is that the question should be stated this way: England made up its mind to fight the moment it saw that Germany, or continental Europe, had determined irrevocably to fight. Two years and a half later, the other great Anglo-Saxon empire, across the Atlantic, feeling its interests, also, were vitally affected by the war, likewise decided to take up arms.

Neither England nor the United States wanted war. Both of them fought. Both of them, after making every effort in their power, the one to maintain, the other to restore, peace, were compelled to fight. The ultimate cause Treitschke's penetrating eye saw long before: it was Germany's independent colonial policy.

England and America, whose safety was equally due to the British fleet—found themselves united in self-defense. But England emerged from this defensive war with enlarged territories, increased vulnerability, multiplied responsibilities. The United States emerged to discover itself unexpectedly in the position which Germany occupied on the eve of the fateful day when General Von Emmich led his forces across the Belgian boundary. Now, the two countries

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stand face to face instead of shoulder to shoulder. England seeks to resume its policy of universal peace and would entoil the young and audacious power across the sea in the net of Wilson's League of Nations. But now, the United States instinctively resists this *pax Britannica*. It refuses to step into the Wilson net. It suddenly discards its role of peace crusader, to become the proud champion of expansion, of combat, of self-dependence. It, in turn, copies the historical insularity of England, and transforms that attitude into a trans-Atlantic, continental isolation.

A word, now, as to the relations between England and America between 1914 and 1920. These have two phasess the phase of American intervention, when everyone was talking of Anglo-Saxon solidarity and the German peril, and the anti-Wilson phase in the United States which destroyed this solidarity. One general fact must be borne in mind in studying these two epochs; in each instance, the United States was the initiator, the determining party, while England stood solidly, logically, all-four-square on its peace platform, its determination to fight the war to the end when peace was broken, its persistent defence of the new peace when it was won. But the United States has taken a political initiative which causes new antagonisms. Consequently, England's peace policy, its eagerness to settle amicably every crisis, its constant preoccupation to eliminate so far as possible and with as little sacrifice as possible every element of antagonism, have not been able to prevent the conflict between itself and America from becoming more clearly defined and more acute. England can never permit its existing superiority over the rest of the world to be lessened beyond a certain limit. Its simple resistance to change is sufficient reason why the United States, bursting with energy and eagerness for action, should throw down its gauntlet of gold and steel in challenge to the Mother Country. It was thus that Germany challenged the pacific resistance of the last liberal English government.

Furthermore, there exists in the United States an anti-British tradition which did not exist in Germany. The heroic age of American history is the age of its two wars against the British Empire,—wars which marked the crises of two periods of antagonism. The year of the Peace of Paris (1763), raised England to a new height of colonial and maritime supremacy. Its conflict of interests with its thirteen American colonies was already well defined. The issues are generally known. On the one hand, England was an aristocratic country which used its mercantilist policy to keep its colonies in a state of economic dependence. On the other side of the ocean was a people of English blood, belonging to churches dissenting from the established church of England, believing its interests were being sacrificed to the interest of a distant and disliked Hanoverian aristocracy, and resenting more bitterly every day the oppressions and restraints of the Navigation Laws. This conflict caused the war with England, which at once assumed that fictitious but symbolical character it has ever since preserved in the minds of the American people, and which makes them interpret their revolt against English as a revolt against tyranny.

After peace was signed, the two

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nations still remained intensely hostile to each other. The country in whose territories the war had been fought was filled with bitterness by its recent sufferings. The older nation, humiliated by its defeat, wished only to abandon its former colonies to their fate and to forget them. According to the theory of the Navigation Acts, the moment the two countries were separated, their interests became formally antagonistic. The champions of old Tory tradition in Great Britain preached the necessity of driving the American merchant marine from the ocean, and excluding American commerce from the West Indies. The British government succeeded in hampering the American merchant marine, in excluding it from its former trade in the West Indies, and in forcing it to resort to the French colonies for sugar. At the same time, British traders and frontier post commanders aroused the Indians to resist the advance of the Yankees toward the West.

The memory of this past has always lurked in the background of the American mind, even during the period of warm Anglo-American friendship after 1898, and of the military alliance in 1917. The second war between the two countries occurred in 1812. Later, there ensued a long period when the new nation was fully absorbed with internal development, and tolerated the absurd situation of being protected by the British navy.

Nevertheless, the original historical forces which provoked the War of Independence, and the long period of commercial antagonism which ensued, have come to the surface again whenever a crisis has disturbed the steady and normally pacific growth of the American nation. British policy after the American Revolution held fast and tenaciously to the following aims: to prevent the resumption of European colonization on the American continent; to prevent the growth of an American navy and merchant marine; to weaken the American Confederation and to prevent its western expansion; and, last of all, to bring the United States again under British control.

In the pursuit of these objects, England has artfully combined persistence and conciliation. Uncounted times, after the war of 1812, the two countries might have resumed hostilities had England not made some unexpected concession. Great Britain was more interested in keeping the United States unarmed and unprepared for war, than in winning a military victory over it. Ever since the War of Secession, which destroyed the old merchant fleet of the United States, Great Britain has cherished plans for an Anglo-Saxon union in preference to weakening or hampering a possible rival, which has already set its feet firmly on the Pacific, and which contains within its own dominions the resources of an empire.

But the situation to-day has changed profoundly. The United States is no longer a self-contained empire; nor is it longer a nation unprepared for war, as it was throughout the nineteenth century. It has become an active and aggressive force in world affairs. The nation's pan-American policy, which seemed for so long a time to absorb all the forces of American imperialism, has suddenly extended to include a wider field. The Yankee has supplanted the conquered Teuton all over

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the globe. To-day, he is the principal claimant for a place in the sun.

It will repay us to review and to examine rather closely such evidence as we have of how Americans themselves conceive their own imperial future in every phase of world affairs. But the striking fact, the real heart of the present problem of world politics, is this unquestionable appearance of a new development in the historical antagonism between England and America. We are witnessing the first deployments preliminary to a mighty battle. Whether or not it is to be a battle with arms, is not yet of supreme interest for us to know. We are not the warriors who have to don armor. But it is important for us, even now, to understand the issues at stake. Across the Atlantic a great nationalist empire has arisen. It is rich and aggressive. It is compelled by necessity to find markets ample to sustain its industries, and to open ever broader fields of enterprise for the bold, aggressive, warlike spirit of its citizens. England can regard such a nation only under one aspect;—as the continuer or the successor of the Germanic power. Leaving out of the discussion the question of a war, which the English declare impossible, as they declared a war with Germany impossible up to the third of August, 1914, the rivalry of these two empires is already, to-day, the dominant fact in the political world. It is the most significant result of the European war. It is a fact which has forced England totally to revise its European policy, and to incline already toward reconciliation with Germany, which will be the next logical step in its traditional political strategy. It demands eternal vigilance on the part of the British Empire, whose territories have been broadened but whose internal ties have been weakened by the war. Already the skirmishers are in contact. The Americans are building one of the strongest navies in the world. They are creating a merchant fleet sufficient to handle their own commerce and to extend it. They are thus reviving the ancient conflict of interest which reached its climax in the war of 1812. Yankee bankers are buying railways and mines in South America in order to solidify their economic dominion there. We meet this rivalry in Europe, where the Americans are concluding agreements for the joint control and operation of shipping, of iron and coal industries, and of petroleum resources, which tend to isolate British industry. Its influence is felt even in the White House, where a President suspected and accused of a policy too favorable to Great Britain is deprived of office, to be succeeded by a man who represents a traditional and strictly national American policy.

No European country can stand aloof from this conflict because England and the United States are not geographically part of our continent, for Anglo-American antagonism dominates the policy of each of those countries toward Europe. It will also dominate, for the time being, the internal policy of shattered and weakened Europe as a whole; for England and America wield power in Paris. But over and beyond this general fact, each individual European government is compelled to bear in mind the existence of this conflict in trying to readjust its own relations with both Great Britain and the United States.

We Italians have reason to appreciate the reality of this fact. For a

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long time, the people of Italy supposed that the Council of Four rejected our just claims in the Adriatic at the instance of Wilson; and, simultaneously, that America was the generous bestower of credit and raw materials upon our country. These were two phases of the same error. The original and fundamental mistake was in isolating President Wilson's policy, so as to lose sight of its historical connections and its limitations, and to blame it alone. Our idea that Wilson was a supreme arbiter at Paris was quite as false as our other idea that he was an apostle. In both capacities he was simply an automatic interpreter of American policy. The position of arbiter, which he held or seemed to hold, was due to a political move which escaped the attention of the Italian government. In a sense, it is probably true, as Orlando tells us, that the Council of Four followed Wilson's judgment. But it is certain that Wilson had certain prepossessions, and we can determine the general limits and the specific direction of this bias, by studying the devices adopted for the purpose of reconciling England's authority and Wilson's ambitious aspirations. Were we to follow this subject to the end, we should come upon the actual and ultimate reason for the consistent and violent opposition of the Republican Party in America to the Peace Treaty. The issue is, in essence, the whole spirit of American foreign policy. For, although the conflict between Wilson and Lodge was, on the surface, over a constitutional issue, their real opposition was due to the fact that Wilson, in his enthusiasm for an Anglo-Saxon world-wide Monroe Doctrine, had so tied up America's fortunes with those of England that England practically controlled America. Lodge and his supporters wanted to restore American foreign policy to its old course, to make it solely and specifically American, to take up problems concerning which, in view of Germany's elimination from the Great Powers, it would henceforth be impossible for England and America to collaborate.

Every question dealt with by the United States must be viewed in the light of this fact. I mean the fact that England, by its attraction or repulsion, sways the foreign policy of the United States. It swayed it when that country entered the war. To-day every intention, tendency, and act of the United States is shaped with its effect on England in view. President Wilson's fundamental idea was to liberate America from this incubus. Before he reached Europe, he probably hoped to isolate England in the Peace Conference, and counted upon the support of the other Allies to force England to join the League of Nations. The fact that he was compelled to bargain with Lloyd George, to surrender to him under the pretense of Anglo-Saxon collaboration for the maintenance of peace, did not change, essentially, America's problem of obtaining complete freedom of action and unhampered exercise of its power. To assert this has now been left to President Harding.

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VASKA GETS A PRIMER

BY CONSTANTINE FEDIN*

[The following political satire appeared in Petrograd *Pravda* of January 16. Possibly from motives of prudence, the author presented the incident as a dream, murmuring as he awoke: 'God be praised that in soviet Russia such a thing could never be!' The irony of the exclamation was of course obvious to the instructed Russian reader.]

In the village of Nesvetayevka,* the district and province of Saratov, the peasants decided to open a village reading-room.

They chose a hut with a board roof for this new, good work. They first ordered the women to wash the soot and mud from the walls and floors of the rooms; then, they held a meeting and began to consider who was the best person to send to town.

They fixed on Vaska.

'Vaska, he can read and write, he was in the war, he's been all over Russia, he's a master at city affairs.'

They didn't need any one better.

They gave him these instructions: 'Tell them in the city, whoever is the right person, that Nesvetayevka has decided once and for all to put an end to its darkness, to learn how to read and write, to live in the new way and be educated. And so that they may know everything about our decision, tell them that our *izba* (peasant's hut) is all prepared, and that in our village we have thirty-eight grown men and forty women.'

At the meeting, they drew up a document in which they testified to the fact that in Nesvetayeka there was a teacher who was willing to teach reading and writing, only he couldn't get on without a primer.

Vaska was authorized by the whole *mir* (commune) to get as many more books as he could about farming, and about all kinds of communes, and also about why war is not ended. But the first thing were the primers, because without them you cannot read any books, and they said that Vaska shouldn't come back without them.

After that, they went home and waited.

Vaska, the emissary, went to the Cantonal Executive Committee and received a seal on his passport, and also other papers, which he hid in the lining of his cap. He went to the station, he sat down on the coupler of a car, and so he journeyed to Saratov.

For a long, long time Vaska looked through the whole town for the place where they distributed books for the whole province, and as soon as he got there, he took out all his papers and asked for a primer of the first person he came to.

'E-eh,' said a young man with a pince-nez, 'what do you want? A primer. There were some here but they've all swam away; there are none left, they've all been given out.'

'To give them out, that's your affair,' objected Vaska, for he was a master at city affairs and accustomed to dealing with people, 'but, you know, Nesvetyevka wants to get some.'

'Right you are, old man. But we haven't any primers, not one.'

*Literally—The village of Unenlightenment.

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'Where are there some, then?'

'Where are there some,' echoed the young man. 'There are some in Moscow. They promised to send us some. We are waiting for them now.'

'Are they really there in Moscow?' asked Vaska.

'They must be,' answered the young man. 'Moscow distributes them all over Russia.'

Vaska thought and thought; he put his cap with the documents in it on his head, he sighed, and he went to a telegraph office. Because he was a master at city affairs, he wasn't a bit afraid of any institutions, or establishments, or anything else.

He went up to the little window of the telegraph office. A young lady stuck her head out of the window, looked at Vaska severely, and said: 'We don't take private telegrams.'

At that, Vaska, very determinedly, and more loudly than is usual at a telegraph office, fired this out: 'Take this despatch. Official, for Nesvetayevka, urgent.' He had learned these words while he was in the army. And he pushed his paper with the seal on it under the very nose of the young lady.

The young lady was much impressed. She took the telegram.

This is what the telegram said: 'Since there are no primers in Saratov, I am going to Moscow to carry out my commission.'

And that very evening, having made his peace with the conductor, Vaska lay down under a seat of the official car and journeyed to Moscow.

War service had helped Vaska a lot. He knew how to get on with people, and, on the way, he made inquiries as to where he had to go in Moscow, so that he would be as sure of being successful as he would be of getting a drink of water.

Vaska arrived, he had a bit to eat in the soviet tea and coffee room, and he went out to look for the place where they distribute books all over Russia.

He found it.

There were many stories to this building, and they told Vaska that he had to go to the topmost one.

In the top story the people were coming and going, sitting, reading, adding up figures, writing, painting, or simply eating lunch. Vaska went around and around, and asked, but no one knew about primers.

'You know, it's true,' thought Vaska, 'how is anyone to know anything, when there is so much going on?'

Fortunately, there came up some one who was not an errand boy or a guard. 'You have to go down to the basement of this same building; he said.

Vaska went down to the basement. He looked around, and his heart jumped for joy.

Books—there was no end to them. On the shelves, and under the shelves, and on the floor, and on the tables;—everywhere you looked, everywhere were books.

And there were a great number of people, too. One was unwrapping books, another doing them up, another piling them up to the ceiling itself, another dragging them into the basement, another changing them from place to place—it was impossible to approach any of them, they were so busy.

'Well,' reflected Vaska, for he liked to reflect pleasantly, 'here, certainly, I shall get my primers.'

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He sought out the most important person there, saluted him and said: 'Would there be any primers here for us in Nesvetayevka?'

'May be,' said the most important personage. 'Do you want them for your schools?'

'For our reading-room. We have taken over an *izba* for the purpose.'

'E-eh,' said the most important personage, 'then you shouldn't have come here. We have them only for schools.'

And he told Vaska where the correct place was for him to go to.

Vaska listened, thanked him humbly for his instructions, but could not help trying his luck again. 'Can't I get them from you? We have in all thirty-eight grown men.'

'No, no, what are you thinking of?' the most important personage waved him away. 'How could we? We have the distribution for the schools. There are not enough for the schools and that too.'

So Vaska went where it was proper for him to go, according to the regulations.

This house was larger than the first. And as Vaska entered, he knew at once that here, without fail, they would give him books.

There was a machine which went up and down and carried the books backward and forward; people were spread out like geese on the stairs and in the passages, with packages of books on their backs and shoulders. In the corners lay mountains of books, heaps of paper—well, how would it be posible not to find here a primer for Nesvetayevka.

Vaska walked and walked around. He asked and asked, and at last they led him to a distant room where a man was sitting knee-deep in paper and fenced around by big thick books, and sheets of paper. Vaska could hardly see the man behind all these mountains of printed and written matter.

But when he had located him and had told him that he needed primers for Nesvetayevka, this man jumped up, so that the papers around him were scattered like rain. He jumped up and began a thundering speech:

'You are an un-class-conscious person, citizen, that's what you are. Allocation on a general scale for the whole State is going on here, and you come for books for Nesvetayevka. Nesvetayevka, did you say? Here, I will explain to you how it is immediately, and then you will understand everything.'

And the man pressed a button and gave an order to bring in something or other,—Vaska did not understand what.

Then five men brought in a map of such a vast size that they could hardly drag it through the door, and they fastened this map to the wall.

Then the man began to explain to Vaska why he could not allow him to have any primers for Nesvetayevka.

'The canton of Sinyensky, the district of Saratov, you say! Look here: Moscow sends primers to the Kanzan sector, this sector sends them to the province of Saratov, the province sends them to the district, and the district sends them to Sinyensky canton. Here it is, shown by the map: Sinyensky canton receives them for Nesvetayevka, and to each one is given just as many as the regulations say. That's what allocation is.'

'But there aren't any primers in Sinyensky,' replied Vaska.

'There will be, there will be,'

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shouted the man who had just explained allocation. 'Go to Sinyensky and there you will get them.'

But Vaska did not want to go to Sinyensky, and he began to scour all Moscow in search of primers.

The country is filled with rumors. For a long, long while Vaska had been searching for primers in Moscow, when he heard that primers were to be had in Petersburg.

Not taking much time for consideration, he sent to the village a telegram which said: 'In Moscow distribution is by allocation. They say there are primers in Petersburg, I am going there.'

It was very hard for Vaska to get out of Moscow. He couldn't find the right kind of a conductor anywhere, and at last he traveled without any comforts.

But having arrived at last in Petrograd, he at once discovered the place where he had to go, and introduced himself to the head of the department.

'We have decided to teach reading and writing. Here I have papers, you see them yourself. I have traveled over the whole of Russia, I can tell you, but I haven't got any primers.'

'Why haven't you?'

'Because everywhere distribution is by allocation. My one hope is in you. Don't refuse me.'

'Well, you are a funny person. Here you say yourself, there is allocation, and how can we give them out. Were you in the canton?'

'I was.'

'Well what's there?'

'There's nothing there.'

'And were you in the district?'

'Nothing there. They sent me to Moscow.'

'To Moscow'? Why? After the district comes the province.'

'With us, the province and the district are the same.'

'The same,' the head of the department scratched his ear and thought. Then he asked, 'And what about Moscow?'

'In Moscow. . . .' Here, Vaska also stopped to consider as to whether or not he should lie. He decided to lie and said, 'In Moscow they say they cannot do anything without Peter.* Because all the control over books is only in Peter. . . .

The head of the department closed his eyes with an expression of blissful satisfaction, and asked, 'What did you say. Repeat it.'

'In Peter, they said, was all the control.'

The department head smiled, sighed, and said, 'No, my dear fellow, Moscow deceived you.'

'And how about the primers,' reminded Vaska.

'We can't do anything. We ourselves get them from Moscow according to the allocation.'

'And do you have an allocation too,' sighed Vaska. He sighed again, turned away, and went out to the street.

And though Vaska was a master at city affairs, he was sad because there was not in all Russia one primer for Nesvetayevka.

He went through the city, reflecting on how to relieve his sorrow,—how to get at least one primer for the village.

Just then, he saw seated at a gate some sort of a peasant who was holding a book in his hands. Vaska had hardly come up close enough to examine the man when the latter opened his

*Short form tor Petersburg.

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book, spit on his fingers, and began to tear up a page for a piece of paper to make a cigarette.

Vaska went cold all over, 'Stop,' he cried, 'stop, what are you thinking of!'

The frightened man jumped up on the bench and asked, 'What are you roaring about?'

'How can you tear up a book in times like these for a cigarette?' asked Vaska. 'Show me what kind of a book it is.'

Vaska opened the book and read—'Primer.' Vaska's whole body shook with joy. He said to the man, 'Where did you get a book like this, old man?'

'Oh,' answered the man, 'that isn't unusual. We have lots of that kind of stuff. In the factory we give them out in exchange.'

'How do you mean in exchange?'

'This way. Because of the paper shortage at present we give out different books for paper. There are different kinds. . . .'

'Listen,' said Vaska. 'Sell me this book. We can't start learning reading and writing without a primer. I'll give you good money. Please. I've gone all over Russia, you are my only hope.'

The man looked at Vaska. 'You're a fool,' he thought to himself; but what he said was, 'Books are valuable now. Well, of course I am a guard at the factory, so that it's easier for me to get them, that's true. You can have it for five hundred rubles.'

Vaska took out the money, paid it over, hid the book in his blouse, and went direct to the station. And it was his lucky day; he immediately found a nice fireman and got on the train.

For a long, long time he traveled but at last he got to Nesvetayevka. As it happened, the teacher was not in Nesvetayevka; he had gone away somewhere. But there was a deacon from Sinyensky.

The men of Nestayevka showed the primer which Vaska had brought to this deacon with great pride.

The deacon opened the primer and read, *'Approved by the Holy Synod for the teaching of reading and writing in the parish schools of the church.'* When he had read this he said, 'This is a regular primer, the right kind. We can use this. . . .'

A meeting of the people gave their approval to Vaska and the chairman clapped him on the shoulder and said, 'You can now throw off your responsibility, because you have accomplished the trust laid upon you.'

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(Paris Literary and Political Semi-Monthly)

HOW THE ARMISTICE WAS MADE. II

BY MERMEIX

(*La Revue Universelle, March 1*)

PRINCE MAX'S request for an armistice, presented to Wilson on October 6, did not surprise the Allies. Paris and London had been expecting the enemy to make such overtures since September. Some of our political leaders awaited them with apprehension, fearing that a premature suspension of hostilities would deprive us of the full fruits of our victory. Poincare was one of those men.

Clemenceau and the military commanders had already discussed the conditions which ought eventually to be imposed upon the enemy. But so long as Germany made no overtures, the Premier, who exhibited the utmost reserve whenever an armistice was talked of, had no occasion to oppose the President's attitude.

After October 6, when it was certain that the Germans were ready to yield, Foch and his staff officers, the Premier and his advisers, and the Foreign Office, began to study intensively the conditions under which the great battle might be halted. On a certain day between the seventh and eleventh or twelfth of October, Foch and Pichon, having doubtless been in a consultation with Clemenceau—for Pichon would not have taken the initiative in such a serious matter—went to the President's palace. They had jotted down on a sheet of paper the principal terms to be inserted in an armistice convention, terms upon which they were provisionally agreed, subject to further study. Poincare considered that this rough draft did not give France all it should demand. He did not conceal his disapproval of Marshal Foch and the Premier, and at once sought an interview with Clemenceau on this important subject. Clemenceau complied with Poincare's desire on the twelfth or thirteenth of October, Poincare thought that Germany was not badly enough beaten to justify our believing its peace professions sincere. Was it not asking an armistice merely to gain time to regroup its forces? Didn't its leaders think that if they could get a brief respite, our own soldiers would have lost their elan when called upon to resume the offensive? Poincare had been made wary by the perfidy of our adversaries in previous diplomatic dealings, both secret and official. He did not want an armistice until we had won such a complete victory, as to crush the resistance and destroy the morale of Germany. Clemenceau listened to these objections, and replied there was no hurry, since Wilson had not yet sounded his associates on the request for an armistice. But he added, that if a power like the United States recommended that the request be considered, we could not refuse, and that if we did refuse, we should not have England's support. The terms which Foch and Pichon had shown the President of the Republic were not in their final form.

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The army authorities and the cabinet had not yet considered them. They, doubtless, indicated the opinion of Foch as to the military situation at the present moment; but were the war protracted, they would be made more severe. For Germany's military situation would be rendered worse the moment its parliamentary representatives crossed our lines.

These explanations did not allay the patriotic concern of Poincare. On the evening of the thirteenth or fourteenth, he wrote Clemenceau a letter in which he repeated all the objections which he had previously made orally, to an armistice before a decisive victory. He insisted again on the danger of destroying the elan of our soldiers —'hamstringing them'—if they were checked in the full headway of pursuit.

Clemenceau ordinarily did not reply to the numerous letters which Poincare wrote to him as he had to Clemenceau's predecessor on all sorts of subjects. But this time he hit back. In a short note, dated October 14, he indignantly repudiated the suggestion that his policy was likely to 'hamstring' our soldiers, and expressed his surprise that 'three years of personal experience as the head of the cabinet' had not taught the President that the cabinet ministers, since they alone bore the burden of responsibility, must remain masters of their own decisions. In conclusion, Clemenceau offered to resign if such interference as he now protested against continued.

The incident went no further and could go no further; for in October, 1918, Clemenceau was the steam engine of the Entente. His resignation would have undermined general confidence, and would have indeed shaken the spirit of our own soldiers—and more than that, it would have given new confidence to the Germans.

A study of the conditions which we were to impose upon the enemy had not ceased during this controversy—of which the public knew nothing—between the head of the state and the head of the cabinet.

An exchange of ideas continued between Foch, Weygand, Petain, and the other Allied leaders, but the greatest freedom was given the military commanders in regard to the armistice terms.

On October 27, Max of Baden felt it necessary to send his fourth note to Wilson, accepting in advance his conditions, provided only that an armistice be signed.

On the evening of the twenty-sixth Foch convened a Council of War at Senlis attended by Haig, Pershing, and Petain. They drafted the terms of the armistice in approximately the form finally adopted. This draft was transmitted to Paris the same evening and communicated from there to the different Allied governments. After an exchange of views among them, they were formally discussed at Versailles by the Supreme War Council on the first, second, and fourth of November. As finally approved, their terms did not differ materially from those of the original draft. The Supreme War Council added two thousand airplanes and ten thousand auto trucks to the deliveries required of the Germans; it reduced the number of mine-throwers demanded from five thousand to three thousand; it narrowed the neutral zone on the right side of the Rhine from forty kilometres to thirty kilometres; but on the other hand, it provided that the block-

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ade of Germany, which Foch would have limited to the twenty-five days allowed for the evacuation, might be made of indefinite duration. Some people thought these terms too generous. They blamed Wilson for that. They charged him with having prevented the Allies from giving the enemy a final crushing blow in Lorraine, and with affording the Germans an opportunity to say they had surrendered on account of their trust in Wilson, without being beaten.

Wilson, in fact, had nothing whatever to do with the armistice terms. He was familiar with what took place at the meeting of the Supreme War Council, where they were debated, through the daily reports sent him by his representative, Colonel House. House himself was by no means anxious for a speedy peace. Probably, he was under the influence of Pershing and the other American commanders. Apparently, he made no objection whatever to continuing the war for several days or several weeks longer. At least, this is a fair inference from a short conversation which he had with Foch on October 31, before the first meeting of the War Council, when he said: 'Mr. Marshal, the government of the United States does not ask you to content yourself with an incomplete victory. It is for you to say whether the fighting shall go on longer.' To this Foch replied: 'If they accept the terms of the armistice which we impose upon them, it is tantamount to surrender on the field of battle. We obtain by this surrender as much as we would by an absolute victory. I do not consider, therefore, that we have the right to sacrifice the life of a single man to obtain more.' It was this conscientious scruple which forbade Foch to fight a last grand battle such as Ludendorff expected. The latter general writes: 'We were, therefore, prepared at the end of October for a heavy enemy attack in Lorraine.'

The German commander saw the situation precisely as it was. On October 27, Foch had withdrawn Mangin, our great attacking general, from in front of Laon, and placed him in command of the Tenth Army under the orders of Castelnau, commander-in-chief of the army group of the East. This Tenth Army consisted of fourteen divisions. It was expected to operate in conjunction with the Eighth Army of General Gerard which consisted of six French divisions and eight American divisions.

The Germans could oppose to these powerful forces only weaker divisions already demoralized by the presentiment of defeat; for the evacuation of Metz had already begun, and one can easily understand its effect upon the minds of the enemy's soldiers. The date fixed by Castelnau for the attack, known to the General Staff as 'Day J,' was the fourteenth of November. If Foch had not considered the lives of some thousands of men a matter of supreme moment, he might have easily delayed his reply to the request for an armistice, which came on the seventh of November, and gaining a few days by this proscrastination, have added a final victory to the long series already credited him.

Other considerations undoubtedly cooperated to induce Foch to speed up the German surrender. While the Americans, who were still fresh, were intensely eager to continue the war, our English Allies were greatly exhausted. Lloyd George asserted that every day was costing Haig's army

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more men than a whole week had cost in any previous year. At a Council of War where the eventual terms of an armistice were discussed, held on the twenty-fifth or twenty-sixth of October, the British commander-in-chief insisted for as speedy a termination as possible. We French, if we were not exhausted, had lost cruelly during the almost incessant fighting since the month of March. If the war did not stop at once, America would keep on landing a quarter of a million men a month. Its army would soon outnumber all the other forces on the Western front. In spite of Pershing's loyal co-operation, it might have been difficult to prevent his acting with the free hand which many of his fellow countrymen insisted he should have. The unity of command, which had achieved such grand results, would have been imperiled by 1919. If we did not secure the speedy submission of Germany, a campaign of several months was in prospect.

During the conversation, in the course of which House made the statement we have just quoted, Foch understood the question to be raised: 'If we go on, how long will it last?' Remembering, perhaps, Nivelle's famous 'forty-eight hours,' and not wishing to commit himself to any delay in the negotiations, Foch replied evasively, 'It might take eight days; it might take fifteen days; it might take a month; it might take two months; it might take three months; it might take four months.'

He was giving the probabilities as based upon different opinions of the sentiment of the German troops. It seemed sure that there was disorganization in their rear, and even the units on the fighting front were showing poor morale. Nevertheless, though defeated every day, though retreating every day, they had retained sufficient solidity and discipline to cover their retreat. If this army, which had been beaten constantly since July 18, had been able to establish itself on a narrower front, it would have been necessary, unquestionably, to have given the Allied forces some rest, before starting a new campaign in the spring of 1919. Foch, who knew better than anyone else the resisting power of his adversary, showed profound wisdom when, in considering the approaching battle in Lorraine, the effect of which might be crushing, he said: 'It may last fifteen days;'—and when, thinking that perhaps after that battle there would still be others, he mentioned a possible prolongation of the war for several months.

These military and moral considerations, which induced Foch to accept a surrender that would procure us the same advantage as a complete victory in the field undoubtedly were in his mind when he inserted in the armistice terms the demand for the surrender of the German fleet. It went a little against his grain to let England thus completely disarm, upon the sea, the great power which had dreamed of disputing its maritime supremacy. For it seemed to him that this demand was so humiliating for the Germans that it might make them resolve upon a last desperate resistance.

At a later date, people complained because certain stipulations were omitted from the armistice conditions. Why did we not insist upon occupying Frankfurt, the Ruhr coal district, and Essen, the City of Krupp? These points were, of course, considered. But in the first place, Frankfurt, the Ruhr,

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and Essen are on the right bank of the Rhine. Would we be wise to have assumed the burden of an occupation, which would have required heavy forces just when public opinion demanded speedy demobilization? We had reason to anticipate serious disturbances, strikes, and revolutions in the great Westphalian industrial districts. We would have had to police those regions—to have taken on the task which fell, later, to the German Socialist Noske.

Neither Foch nor Clemenceau was willing to place that burden on France and its Allies. It would have exposed us to the socialist charge of being reactionaries, and to the pacifist charge of being imperialists; and it would have given the Germans a splendid opening to denounce our violation of Wilson's principles.

Such as it was, the armistice drafted by Foch, and completed by a clause which Klotz inserted later, was equivalent in some respects to a preliminary peace. It was explicitly stated that these preliminaries would outline the bases of the future peace. They lay down rules, the application of which would be deferred until the treaty was drafted. . . .

Our statesmen constantly insisted throughout the war that we would make peace only on condition that the injuries done us were repaired. The Parliament of France, on several occasions, and particularly on June 5, 1917, solemnly renewed this affirmation. Consequently, Klotz, Clemenceau's minister of finance, demanded that it be inserted in the armistice itself. Balfour, taking a lawyer's view, objected that reparations should be dealt with in the treaty rather than in the armistice. Clemenceau insisted, however, and was supported by the representatives of Belgium, Serbia, and Italy, with the assent likewise of Colonel House. Thereupon, Klotz pushed our advantage still further, by demanding that the words reparation for injuries should be preceded by the phrase, 'without prejudice to further just claims,' By accepting these terms the Germans acknowledged our right to demand something more than the value of the physical property which they had destroyed. This preliminary clause established our right for just indemnification for other injuries. It contained by implication our claim against Germany for the payment of pensions to the heirs of those who had been killed and to our crippled soldiers.

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(*Vossische Zeitung* (Berlin Conservative Liberal Daily))

MARCION: THE EVANGEL OF THE STRANGE GOD. II

BY ADOLPH VON HARNACK

THE situation in which the Christian religion found itself in the reign of Hadrian, after it had completely freed itself from the polity of Judea, was the most critical in its history. On one side was a formless uncrystallized Christian doctrine, tied down closely to the Old Testament but actually deriving its religious themes from late Judaism and possessing the latter's wealth of content and contradictory elements while determined to preserve both the spirit and letter of the apostolic tradition. On the other side were eminent leaders of the Church, who offered it a consistent and almost Christian God-world philosophy, for which redemption through Jesus Christ was the cardinal truth. Through redemption they reconciled the conflicts in the constitution of the universe as conceived in the lofty speculations of the Greeks. The first school defended strenuously the authority of the Old Testament; the latter denied it. The position of the former was weakened by the technical difficulties which stood in the way of accepting the ancient Scriptures. Did they belong to the Christians alone, or to both Christians and Jews? Which of their books had been literally inspired? Were none of them, or all of them, or some of them thus inspired? Were some portions to be interpreted as expressing the will of God only for a limited period? Was the Law given in order to multiply sins? Is the whole Old Testament to be read allegorically? If so, what is its true allegorical interpretation? Is the message of the Old Testament confined to the typical, that is, the prophetic passages? Was not a large portion of it intended solely for the instruction and punishment of the Jews? Such questions might be multiplied indefinitely. At least, the whole Catholic world was agreed that the ceremonial laws did not apply to the Christians. However, there was much debate as to the particular argument by which this assumption was to be justified. As a result, that wing of the Church which we first described, the Apostolic Christians, entered this great crisis burdened with uncertainties.

Marcion felt that he had been called to liberate Christianity from this peril. For him, the way did not lie through syncretism, through the absorption and assimilation and reconciliation of these disparate elements, but through simplification and unity. He preached the Strange God, and organized his church on these lines. He set up against the manifold and variously interpreted traditions of the Church, a consistent and logical religious theory. In this phase of his labor he sided not only with Paul, but also with the Gnostics, in opposition to the Church. He condemned the latter sternly for its new syncretism, charging that the Church had adopted this in the erroneous belief that what it had taken over from the speculations of the Mystics was adequate to express the true Christian faith.

Religion is salvation,—this was the essential fact in the religious teaching of the first and second century. It was to be impossible, thereafter, to conceive of God without the attribute of a

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Saviour. The new Christian religion satisfied marvelously this demand; and the Apostle Paul had already developed the idea that Christ, as the Redeemer, was the central fact of Christian doctrine. But his conception of the Deity, derived from Old Testament sources, covered far more than his conception of Christ. It is incontestable that in the mind of Paul, the Father of Jesus Christ was much more comprehensive than Christ the Redeemer. He is not only a Father of mercy, and a God of compassion, but He is also the inexplicable, who dwells in an impenetrable glory, the Creator of the world, the Author of the Mosaic Law, the Sovereign Ruler of history, and in particular, of Old Testament history. Furthermore, He is the angry, the punishing Deity; and last of all, the Judge, who is to pass final sentence upon the world and mankind in the great day of settlement. Paul had eliminated many features of the old Jewish conception of the Deity, partly by giving them an allegorical interpretation, and partly by regarding them in the light of his philosophy of history, which was inspired by the central thought that history recorded the education of the race, directed toward the eventual salvation of mankind. In this way, he dispensed not only with the ritual laws of the Jews, but with a great many Old Testament ideas. Countless teachers followed Paul in this labor of elaborating and defining the Christian conception of the Deity in harmony with the conception of Christ as the Redeemer.

Marcion belongs to this number, but he followed the idea to its ultimate conclusion. He conceived redemption itself as something so great, so exalted, so incomparable, that there could be nothing in excess of it, and that the one who brought redemption for the world could be nothing else, nothing more, than a Redeemer. To him, the Christian conception of the Deity must begin and end with salvation through Christ. Accordingly, the Deity can be nothing else than the Good, in the sense of compasion and redeeming love. Everything else must be sternly rejected. God is not the creator, not the law giver, not the judge. He is not angry, and does not punish. He is exclusively incarnate, redeeming, inspiring love. The great urge of the era toward a God of redemption, toward raising salvation to the highest place in Christian thought thereby reached its ultimate logical expression.

Religion thus became the paradoxical message of the 'Strange God.' It is a perfectly consistent, unmistakable, harmonious message; it is the message of God, the Redeemer, and nothing else. All the mighty longing and striving of the age toward a harmonious and consistent religious ideal was thus to be fulfiled in the appearance of Christ. It found its shortest and yet most comprehensive expression in Marcion's doctrine, of the Strange God and Father of Jesus Christ, who releases man, to whom he is completely strange and alien, from misery, breaks his heavy bonds, and leads him into eternal life. This summarizes the paradox of religion. Its peculiar power and exclusive character is salvation. Men do not return to the house of their father when they are redeemed; but a benevolent and merciful stranger is moved to compassion and takes them to his home.

This is what lends such peculiar in-

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terest to Marcion's place in the history of religion and of the Church. No other religious teacher can be compared with him, or rival him in importance between the day of Paul and of Saint Augustine. Therefore, whatever has been preserved of his writings, or handed down concerning him, is worthy of profound study. The total is not small. We possess the accounts which his opponents have left of 'his system,' we know what he accepted in his Bible, and many quotations from it have come down to us verbatim; we know the principles which he followed in Biblical criticism, and a great number of his corrections have been preserved. Finally, voluminous quotations from his great work *Antithesis* have been handed down to us, together with many of his commentaries upon passages in the Scriptures. But, hitherto, these sources have been only imperfectly studied; in particular, the second and fourth groups of material, which are the most important of all, have been unduly neglected. It results from this that his Christian doctrine has been thought much less Biblical, and much more abstract and mechanical, than it is in reality. Too much faith has been placed in the accounts of his opponents, where they contradict his own writings. For instance, no one else has hitherto pointed out that many passages from Marcion's works survive, which deal with the concepts of justice, justification, and judgment, as attributes of the good God. No one seems to have discovered the great distinction which he drew between the original Apostles and the Judaic pseudo-apostles. No one has examined his attitude toward the Law and the Old Testament, beyond assuming that he rejected them. In regard to all these matters, investigators of the subject hitherto contented themselves with merely repeating the statements of his opponents.

. . . . . .

In this world to which we belong and which we assimilate into our own being, there are two kingdoms; one of matter and the flesh, the other of the spirit, of morals, and of justice. They are intermingled and incorporated with each other, although they are utterly alien to each other. This is explained by the tragic weakness of the power responsible for the creation of the world (that is, *Demiurge*). The latter, although a spiritual and moral power, was unable to create anything better than this sinful and imperfect world. Man is part of that world; a compound of earthly appetites and lower instincts, burdened by and chained to his physical body; he is drawn under by natural forces, so that a great majority of mankind perish in sin, and vice, and brutish egoism. The divinity which created them did not design this. He willed them to be just; he endowed them with a conscience appreciating the just and good. He seeks to lead them in that path. But what is this just and good? How is man guided toward it? The answer to these questions is legible in the world as we see it, in the records of history, in the Law, and in morals; for the world and the Law are identical with the God of the world, and the God of the Law.

The God of the Law and of the world is embodied in the world, and thereby is identified with human destiny. Man has the alternative of either alienating himself from his Creator by libertinism, vice, and other disobedi-

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ence, thereby incurring His anger and punishment like a fugitive slave—and this is the fate of the majority—or he servilely follows Him and obeys His capricious will, thereby becoming a righteous man, a man of the Law. He thus escapes the depravity of the multitude, but only to fall into something worse. For at the bottom, evil is not the enemy of good; the two are incommensurable, and evil is curable. But enforced servile, self-satisfied righteousness is alien to the higher Love, as it is to the loftiest experiences of the spirit. Alternating between fear and wanton pride in one's own virtues never leads man to freedom. Marcion saw immeasurably deeper into the human heart than did the average Christian teacher. He taught that the Law itself, commonly preached as an allsaving virtue, was in its effect worse than the ill it was employed to cure. It liberated the soul from one evil, but it brought a worse one in its place, by condemning men to stern, self-righteous, unloving mediocrity, for which there is no cure. Therefore, he rejected all theological cosmology. Nothing in this world, and world ideals, and the world God, can be justified; and the righteous, in the worldly sense, are slaves. This means not only 'bidding farewell to a false, cruel world,' but defying with holy wrath the 'heavenly power' which has chained us to this life, which has permitted men to incur guilt, and which has tried to rule them by its 'outrageous' righteousness. His attitude culminates in anger and indignation at what the multitude calls God, and in the demand that men repudiate 'the World.'

However, no man can attain this state until he has comprehended the love and tenderness of God, the Saviour, as something entirely new—not merely a subjective experience, but an objective truth. Marcion in this respect goes much farther than Paul and his disciples, when they spoke of a new body and of being born again; for they had in mind only a new method by which God was revealed. Marcion would tolerate no such halfway conception of God. He proclaimed an entirely different God. He conceived Him as in Christ, and in Him alone. He thereby raised the historic realism of Christian experience to its transcendental form, and conceived a new reality, exalted far above the dark and imperfect world below—a new divinity.

That divinity is Love, and Love alone. Nothing is alloyed with it. It is inconceivable Love, for in its utmost mercy it takes to itself man, a being entirely strange to itself, banishes that being's fears, and leads it into a new and eternal life. It is true that this strange God, who dwells deep in the innermost recesses of the soul, cannot change the outer world. Those who have faith in Him must, therefore, endure the misery and sin of that world. But in Christ that world is vanquished, and at the end of time it will be proven that the God who dwells in us is greater than the God who dwells in the world. The world, with its righteousness, its civilization, and its God, will be destroyed; but the new kingdom of Love will remain. And in the certainty that nothing can deprive us of the love of God, which has been revealed in Christ, those who are now miserable and reviled are already triumphant. Ruled by the spirit of Love, and united in a bond of brotherhood by the Holy Church, they

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have already in this life conquered its sorrows. They have patience, and they can wait.

Was Marcion really right, in his time, and to-day, in his conception of Christ? Does he not add the logical last link to the chain of doctrine forged by the prophets, by Jesus, and by Paul, in spite of the tremendous difference between his teachings and that of his predecessors? Is the paradoxical distinction between the prophets and Jesus lessened by the fact that Jesus verified, but at the same time superseded, the prophets? 'No man knoweth the Father, but the Son.' And again, is the paradoxical distinction between Jesus and Paul less because Paul, while holding fast to every detail in the Word of the Master, considers the Master as himself the end of the Law in contradistinction to that Word, and develops a conception of faith which is not based upon any saying of Jesus? Furthermore, is there any theory of a Divine Providence which is not inconsistent in itself? Has any attempt ever succeeded to harmonize the nature, the basis, and the hopes of faith, with the world; that is, to reconcile reason with the course of events about us? Does the spirit really become spirit, the soul become soul, and freedom become freedom, except by virtue of that incomprehensible Love, which is not of this world? And are righteousness, morality, and civilization true means of salvation for man still bound to the flesh? Are they not mere palliatives, which eventually aggravate evil, unless they are associated with self-effacing, higher love? Does the starry heaven above me, and does the moral law within me, truly lift me to those realms of eternal truth, and true eternity, found in the love of God and love of one's fellow man? Are these not forces which fail in the great test? Are there not really three kingdoms, of which two, in spite of their contradictions, are inseparably united; and only the third exists solely for itself? And is not Christ both the beginning and the fulfilment of the Divine Power which really makes man free?

Marcion, with masterful assurance, proclaimed that the love of Jesus —of God—does not judge, but saves; and he tolerated no other conception of Him.

This is such a self-contained, uncontradictable statement that we follow his thoughts with an intellectual absorption and gratification which disarm the countless objections theology opposes to this teaching. Let us say in passing, that his way of proclaiming the evangel responds remarkably to the needs of the present; possibly, because conditions in his day were very similar to those of our day. Those who have the profoundest knowledge of the soul of the people, of the profound contempt for church Christianity so widespread at present, assure us that only the preaching of a Love which does not punish, but saves, will now find hearers. At this point, Marcion stands shoulder to shoulder with Tolstoi and Gorky. Tolstoi was a Marcion Christian through and through. He might, himself, have written everything Marcion wrote upon religion, so far as the latter has come down to us in Marcion's actual words. On the other hand, Marcion would have found himself in perfect accord with Tolstoi's *The Wretched and Hated,* with his Commentary on the Sermon on the Mount, and with his zealous condemnation of conven-

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tional Christianity. Gorky's arresting *Night Asylum* might correctly be described as a Marcion drama; for the 'stranger' who appears there is the Marcion Christ, and the 'Night Asylum' is this world.

This much is certain. The fact that Marcion's evangel found scarcely any subsequent echo in the history of the Church and in the philosophy of religion, is not due to our having attained a deeper and richer experience of spiritual truth, but rather to our religious commonplaceness, and our passive acceptance of tradition. To be sure, a Marcion thrill shot through the history of the Church and of Christian dogma when Saint Augustine preached his doctrine of salvation through Divine Power alone. This in theory harmonized perfectly with Marcion's teaching. But it was merely a thrill, and nothing more. There is but one work on the philosophy of religion which is strictly Marcion, although Marcion's name is not mentioned in it. This was written by an anonymous author, probably Julius Baumann, and was published in 1871, with a preface by H. Lootze, under the title: *Das Evangelium der armen Seele*. However, this book does not handle its theme with scientific thoroughness, or present it clearly and consistently; therefore, its influence was negligible. It deserves re-reading to-day, however; for the Marcionism which it represents has a far profounder message for our generation than has our current begging-the-question philosophy or our theological agnosticism.

(Radical Liberal Daily)

THE SECRET OF GOETHE

BY DR. K. T. OBENAUER

(This article is the summary of a section of a forthcoming book, entitled *Goethe in seinem Verhaltnis zur Religion*.)

(*Frankfurter Zeitung, February 4*)

WHAT is the quality which lends Goethe immortality, and how is it recognized by the readers of today?

It will always be one of the most remarkable phenomena in the records of the human intellect, that Goethe should have transcended the evolution of the centuries so as to mold them in the image of his own spirit. He has wrested something eternal from the great characters and great exploits of three hundred years of history, and that eternal element remains to-day the most powerful and vital part of the tradition they have left us. We realize that our day regards Goethe differently than did the Nineteenth Century. The enduring qualities of his fame have been disassociated from the transient and perishable elements of his reputation. We do not see Goethe to-day either in his apostle role of the Eighteenth Century, or his Olympian role of the Nineteenth Century. He has been rescued from his Olympic isolation, from his marble paralysis, from his fictitious deification. We demand Goethe, the human being. We need his physical presence. We need not be surprised to find behind the myths with which his true personality has been masked, the

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spiritualized, but by no means classic features of a much more attractive and lovable fellow human. It is in this guise that the Twentieth Century sees the immortal element in Goethe. In this new manifestation of himself, he wields a power which reaches the very heart of the doubts and problems of the present day.

Goethe himself said in a conversation with Muller in 1831: 'A man who really understands my writings and my soul, will have to acknowledge that he has gained thereby a certain inner freedom.'

What is the basis of this 'inner freedom' which Goethe gives?

He confesses that he always felt a much more powerful impulse to penetrate the innermost meaning of men and things, than to publish this truth to his fellow men. That is the key to much which at first sight seems puzzling in himself and in his life.

Goethe was never eager to reveal his knowledge of the soul of things. He consciously guarded the esoteric. Even as an artist, he did so. In order to make himself intelligible he had to write his own commentary to the second part of *Faust*. Goethe invites interpretation and discipleship. The innnermost meaning of men and things is revealed only to a higher vision. A man who seeks to comprehend Goethe must first learn to develop this higher vision in himself. He will then rediscover it in the works of the poet. Ordinary spectators will be entertained by his images and pictures, but 'to the initiated, the higher meaning of these will not be hidden.' This explains the false charge, so commonly made, that Goethe was unable to let others read his soul. It seemed as though he concealed his secret, in order that he might not share it with others. He expressed himself regarding his inmost convictions with a reserve which could not but seem strange and incomprehensible to many. He conceived himself to be the trustee of a treasure, which he ought not to display to the vulgar herd, and certainly, ought not to squander. He asked himself whether his age was ready to receive the highest truth. He reached the conclusion that the higher maxims should be spoken only so far as they would benefit the world. 'We should keep the rest to ourselves, but it may and will reveal itself in our conduct, like the subdued light of a hidden sun.'

He conceived the metaphysical aspects of his life experience as the secret mainspring of his labor and his existence. He says: 'I have always smiled to myself, to observe that during our discussions of metaphysics, you never accept me at my full value. But since I am an artist, I am indifferent to that. I attach much more importance to keeping hidden the principle from which, and through which I work. I let every man ply his lever, but I have been using for a long time the endless screw.'

Goethe was always disposed to take the other side in debates upon the ultimate meaning of things, because the topic was seldom approached from the right attitude. 'As soon as anything is said, it is immediately contradicted, as inevitably as an echo follows its sound. Since people have begun to make our vague intuitions and forecasts of the eternal connection between the spiritual and the physical world a common topic of conversation, there is no one who does not deny with his lips, what

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he has experienced as inner revelation, or presentiment.'

Goethe was always perfectly convinced that he ought to conceal, to hide in his bosom, those great, direct apperceptions of truth which had been vouchsafed him. Shortly before his death, he wrote to Boisseree: 'No man can escape having some religious sentiments, but it is impossible for him to formulate them in his private thinking. Therefore, he seeks to make proselytes. 'This last isn't my way; but I have loyally cherished the religious attitude itself.' Goethe never tried to instruct disciples in the principles of his faith and thoughts, except through his writings.

Nothing was farther from Goethe's ambition than to pose as a prophet. He was conscious of such a vast difference between his own reserve and the expansiveness of men like Lavater, that he used the idea later in his portrayal of Mahomet.

His absolutely untrammeled liberty of thought permitted him to comprehend that men of Lavater's character were employing spiritual gifts for earthly ends. 'As I observe the two (Lavater and Basedow), I am impressed with the idea that gifted men may propagate beyond themselves the divinity that is in them. But this brings such a man into rude contact with the hard world; and in order to influence the world he must become like it. Thereby, however, he imperils his high gifts, and in the end sacrifices them utterly. The divine Eternal is lost in the earthly byways of worldly effort, and drawn into the toils of common mortality.' He thought he foresaw that these prophets would ultimately sacrifice the higher to the lower. 'The earthly grows and spreads, the divine recedes and loses power.'

It is commonly believed that Goethe escaped this temptation. He realized that the external or lower side of our natures could be improved only by long and quiet labor; that it could not be changed violently in a day. He knew the world, and was perfectly aware of what he could accomplish in his time. He met the task with the lofty calm and freedom of a sage, who sees his duty in all its aspects, and realizes what he ought to, and is able to give.

To be sure, he must at times have felt it a tragedy, that he could not surrender himself entirely, could not reveal the deepest secrets of his soul. He writes to Meyer: 'I have always been convinced that a man passes through life either unknown or unrecognized.' *Faust* expresses this clearly enough:

> Der Gott, der mir im Pusem wohnt
> kann tief mein Innerstes erregen,
> der uber allen meinen Kraften thront,
> er kann nach aussen nicht bewegen;
> und so ist mir das Dasein eine Last
> der Tod erwunscht, das Leben mir verhasst.

(The God who dwells in my bosom, who can stir me to the depths, who reigns enthroned over all my powers, is helpless to change the world about me; therefore, existence has become for me a burden; death, a thing sought for; life, a thing abhorred.)

Goethe thanked his freedom from dogma, his conscious liberation from the confines of any system, his ability to seek constantly new aspects of every truth he won, first and foremost to the fact that he was an artist and felt no call to formulate his beliefs and thoughts in their logical relation to each other. It seemed to him Philistine to be intimidated by contradictions. His consciousness that he lived in accordance with the sum total of his faith and thought, his direct percep-

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tion of his personal unity, sufficed him. This brings us to the second great problem in Goethe's teaching.

Goethe said, once, in a natural science essay, in speaking of geology: 'Everything we utter is a confession of faith.' What did Goethe mean by that?

Nothing was farther from his thought than to indicate the subjective character of our knowledge. Goethe did not realize such a dualism as faith and knowledge. For him, faith was 'a sacred vessel in which each lays his sacrifice of sentiment, reason, and imagination.'

He sought thus to describe his method of treating nothing from the purely analytical point of view as a special problem separate from its living environment, albeit he was wont to emphasize the definite boundaries of different fields of science. Goethe could conceive things only in their deepest relations with the universe. Thinking was for him becoming conscious of infinite relationships through which all spiritual forces are associated with each other. He never lost the feeling that man, the microcosm, was bound to the world as a whole, to the macrocosm, by countless complicated and very real and definite spiritual ties. He believes the mortal to be merely an expression of the immortal.

Goethe divided scientific thinkers into four classes: first, the solvers of practical problems, the engineering scientists and most natural scientists; second, those who thirst for knewledge for its own sake, who usually end as specialists; third, the observers, who make valuable contributions to culture, because we must observe the creative forces at work in the universe, if we are to penetrate beneath the surface of things; fourth, the comprehenders, who merit the proud title of creative scientists. These contribute most to the world, 'since they, in particular, proceed from ideas, emphasize the unity of the whole, and nature is in a sense obligated to obey these ideas.'

Goethe himself was one of the 'comprehenders,' who kept in mind the unity of the universe in all its special manifestations, and constantly anticipated the general in the particular. Therefore, he did not admit the dualism of faith and knowledge. The impelling spiritual forces of the macrocosm are not things in themselves, lying outside the realm of experience. There exist only various organs through which we are able to grasp the great Unity. 'The mysterious depths of presentiment, accurate observation of the present, longing fancy, joyous experiences of the senses,—none of these should be rejected as instruments of science.' All special organs of knowledge must subordinate their service to a higher sense; we must not permit ourselves to be distracted by the individual organs. 'Observing, knowing, foreseeing, believing, and whatever sensory function may help us to apprehend the universe, must be in complete harmony with each other.'

Goethe's secret was his ability to harmonize and coordinate all the varied powers of his soul and intellect, and thus successfully to keep ever in view the absolute unity of the infinitely rich variety of his own mental life, and of the universe. He is the conjurer, magician of his great race, because he never, as an investigator, loses sight of the deep spiritual mysteries which religion preserves, and

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because, as a religious man, he surrenders no particle of his unbounded claim to free inquiry. No man who desires to learn Goethe's attitude toward religious questions can afford to pass over his work as a naturalist. Goethe's creed must be studied as a whole, without regard to such artificial limitations as that would imply.

His statement, 'Everything we utter is a confession of faith,' indicates, however, something more than his all-embracing reverence for the universe. We are not dealing here with any single phase of his thought, but rather with the pivot about which all his thinking revolves. It is from this outlook that we first get a complete view of his influence. It is very characteristic of his mind, that while others evolved more or less in a straight line, he kept constantly returning to a definite centre from which he made excursions in all directions.

How difficult it is to convey Goethe's 'ideas' to those who have no organ to receive them! For these they remain 'inaccessible to logic and inexpressible in language.' But how this difficulty is increased by the fact that Goethe was so reluctant to disclose, clearly and comprehensibly, his view of ultimate truth! This explains why so many have vague, and for the most part erroneous, impressions of Goethe's religious attitude.

Often, indeed, did Goethe refer to the motive for his silence. In the *Annals* he says: 'A profound truth lies at the bottom of the superstition, that he who would really acquire and possess a treasure, must pursue his goal in silence, must utter no word, no matter how many terrors and temptations beset his path. Equally instructive is the fable which tells us that a hero on his magic pilgrimage through the boundless wilderness, in search of a precious talisman, must press steadily on without pause or rest, and must not look back, no matter what frightful demons or beguiling sirens lurk along the way.'

This signifies not only a higher command which all mystics know,—the command to silence, because only in utter silence, in perfect repose and peace, can the voice of the spirit be heard. It means, also, conscious concealment.

Nevertheless, something is always struggling against this impulse, this effort not to cheapen or throw away his costly treasure, his most intimate spiritual experiences, forebodings, and convictions; and to this we must thank the fact that so carefully guarded a possession—one so prudently and reverently cherished in the most intimate recesses of his being,—does in a sense outlive him. This something is the poetic instinct.

> Erst sich in Geheimnis weigen,
> dann verplaudern fruh and spat,
> Dichter ist umsonst verschwiegen,
> dichten selbst ist schon Verrat.

(Cradling himself in mystery, then making all his confidant, the poet vainly veils his heart, for his song is his own betrayal.)

Goethe felt it was the mission of a great poet to reveal the hidden,—to says the things unsaid. He stated this of Shakespeare, but Shakespeare stood, in this case, for the poet universal. And it is the poet's mission to erpress the highest that is in him.

'Shakespeare is akin to the universal spirit; like it, he permeates the world. Nothing is concealed from either.' But if it is the function of the world spirit to keep its secrets until,—

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aye, and even after,—their day of manifestation, it is the mission of the poet 'to blurt out that secret'—'the secret must out, even though the stones have to proclaim it.'

So Goethe felt the same poetic impulse as other great souls which could not preserve their secret. Therefore, in discussing his confession of faith as a whole, we are more dependent upon his work as a poet than upon his work as an investigator and philosopher.

But has the poet really told all? Has he not veiled his pictures to shield them from the harsh light, and to disguise their revelation? Is his poetry not a teaching of a divine spiritual influence in the world, for which our minds must first be prepared? Does experience not prove that the most vital and spontaneous elements of faith vanish the moment we discuss them? Does that faith not, thereupon, cease to be an inspiring and a compelling power in the depths of our hearts? Are there not experiences which cannot be portrayed in the poet's pictures, and which the human tongue is scarce able to convey? To what extent is it possible to give a direct spiritual intuition of the universe a purely rational form of expression?

'If a great mind attains a presentiment and insight into the secret workings and operations of nature, the language he has inherited from his ancestors is inadequate to describe a thing so remote from ordinary human experience. He would require the tongue of the spirits themselves to express adequately what now dwells within his consciousness.'

For that reason, the fundamental sentiment in Goethe's religion is humility, and the key to his reverential attitude toward the universe is awe for the mighty and mysterious forces which surround us and work about us.

In nature, his secret finds 'holy revelation':

> Nichts ist drinnen, nichts ist draussen,
> denn was innen, das ist aussen.

(There is no within, there is no without; for what is within is also without.)

Nature is permeated with the creative spirit which pervades and sustains it; nature and spirit are eternally interacting. Man should comprehend, should experience this, but in silence. Goethe's favorite proverb was: *'Wenn ihr stille bliebet, so wurde euch geholfen.'* (Keep still and help will come to you.)

So all religion begins in reverence, in silence, in devotion, and in humility before the secrets of the spiritual world, before the working of indescribable forces. That is not intellectual renunciation; it is not pausing and turning away before the locked door to wisdom. The secret which Goethe means is only the deeper felt, the more profoundly apprehended and realized. This is what he means by the instructive saying: 'We should show our reverence for certain mysteries by our reserve and silence, even though it were possible to reveal them.

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(*TheJapan Magazine, Tokyo*)

LAFCADIO HEARN*

BY F. HADLAND DAVIS

It is probable that more books have been written, in recent years, about Japan than about any other country, but few will deny that out of that vast accumulation of publications the work of Lafcadio Hearn is preeminent. When we survey his twelve books devoted to the study of the Land of the Gods—from those first glowing impressions in *Glimpses of Unfamiliar Japan* to his critical masterpiece, *Japan: An Interpretation,* we are conscious of having come in touch with one who has not only told us more about Japan than any other writer, but who has at the same time presented his material in a rich, poetic, and sensitive style that is irresistible in its charm.

Hearn has been described as a sentimentalist by those who are not familiar with his biting comments in reference to the majority of young Japanese men who ape the West, and ridicule the Spirit of Old Japan. Religious people have taken objection to his attitude toward Christianity. Others have lamented that he was too much under the influence of Herbert Spencer. Dr. Gould has described Hearn as lacking in originality and devoid of genius. Muck-rakes have been busy stirring up his youthful follies, and some American critics can do no better than describe Hearn as an Oriental Edgar Allan Poe.

Yone Noguchi was right when he observed that 'you must have another Hearn to understand Lafcadio Hearn.' He writes: 'We never talk of Hearn's personality here; it is enough to have his books;—and we have only to burn incense before his grave and read a *sutra,* if we cannot say anything good about him in public.' Such a method is not adopted in the offices of our literary journals, and western admirers of Hearn's work no longer indulge in æsthetic performances so delightfully parodied in *Patience.* We must track our great ones down, and in our haste we forget to carry lilies or to burn incense. 'They will cut us up like pigs when we're gone,* said Edwin Arnold to Tennyson, but in trying to portray something of the personality of Hearn, I have no intention of making a gory mess of the business by presenting a picture remotely resembling the pig-killing scene in *Jude the Obscure.* His character was so sensitive, so wayward, so eerie, so childlike, so wrapped about with mystery, that no one, so far, has been able to describe him with any degree of completeness.

We can fathom his genius to a certain extent, but the man himself we do not know, and when we recall his own conception of personality—a man who is the sum total of billions of past lives—it is not surprising that we get

* *The Works of Hearn,* published by Kegan Paul, Macmillan, Harper, and Constable.
The Life and Letters of Lafcadio Hearn by Elizabeth Bisland, 2 vols., Constable.
The Japanese Letters of Lafcadio Hearn, edited by Elizabeth Bisland. Constable.
Concerning Lafcadio Hearn, by George M. Gould. Fisher Unwin.
Lafcadio Hearn in Japan, by Yone Noguchi, with Mrs. Lafcadio Hearn's Reminiscences, Elkin Mathews.

*The passage occurs in a letter I received from Dr. Channing Arnold, a son of the poet.

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a little fogged in attempting to work out the problem. Even Mrs. Hearn's wonderful reminiscences of her husband are illusive, for we catch only a glimpse of this shy, fleeting figure. Hearn's letters, full of charm as they are, tell us little about his personality. They are intimate only so far as they reveal the writer. He is content, especially in his letters to Professor Basil Hall Chamberlin, to write about his work and his reading, and he does so with such minute detail, with such frank enthusiasm, and such penetrating criticism, that we are able to realize the influence that so considerably helped to mold his tense and delicate style. No letters have hitherto appeared that so illuminate the inner workings of the literary mind.

Hearn did not cast a prophetic beam into the future. What he did was to illuminate the Japanese past. He was extraordinarily primitive, and might have afforded an excellent example in support of one of Dean Inge's pet theories. He was Pagan rather than Bohemian, and his paganism was more far-reaching than that of Heine when he wrote *The Exile of the Gods*. Hearn crept out of the way of civilization whenever it was possible to do so. He sometimes rang the front door bell of a friend's house and, through sheer timidity, bolted before his nervous ring could be answered. His love of tropical nights, especially those associated with his visit to the French West Indies, his abnormal development of the sensuous are characteristics that cannot be over-emphasized. He complained that many French authors wrote too much with the 'pudic nerve,' but, as a matter of fact, the chief stimulant of Hearn's pen was emotion. He had to feel intensely before he was able to express intensely too, and even his criticism of the work of other writers is governed by the same compelling force.

Many consider that Hearn, at the last, was disillusioned in regard to Japan. This is only partly true. There were occasions when this writer, usually so mild and gentle, could be excessively petulant. He did not hesitate to denounce the many innovations due to western influence. He was condemning an ugly hybrid, not the original stock.

Had he been alive to-day, and aware of Japan's 'peaceful penetration' in China, he would have repeated his frequently quoted expletive, 'Damn the Japanese!' He wrote: 'I detest with unspeakable detestations the frank selfishness, the apathetic vanity, the shallow, vulgar scepticism of the New Japan that prates its contempt about Tempo times, and ridicules the dear old men of the pre-Meiji era, and that never smiles, having a heart as hollow and bitter as a dried lemon.' He expressed himself strongly, but his denunciation of the New Japan is at the same time a vigorous acclamation of the Old. The type that was forever aping the west and mocking the noble past was hateful to Hearn. He wanted Japan to stand still: to worship her old gods, and remain faithful to her illustrious ancestors: to be always quaint and superstitious. He wanted the opalescent mists of Mount Fuji, and not the smoke of factory chimneys. He managed to preserve in his books all that was beautiful, picturesque, and lovable about Japan. To attempt to destroy these ancient and hallowed charms was an act of vandalism that he could not endure silently.

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He railed against the missionary 'beasts,' against officialdom in silk hat and frock-coat, and against many young Japanese men, of whom he wrote: 'There will be no hearts after a time; Waterbury watches will be substituted instead. These will be cheap and cold, but will keep up a tolerably regular ticking.' He would have endorsed the following old Chinese law: 'Let him who says anything new, or him who shall invent anything new be put to death.' He would have striven against thy husband with harsh fea- and he would have supported Kaibara's remark in *The Greater Learning for Women*: 'Never set thyself up against thy husband with harsh features and a boisterous voice.'

Can we account for Hearn's delicate, sensuous and almost ghostly style? I can suggest two possible, but by no means exhaustive, reasons—namely, his birth, and the fact that he suffered from myopia. He had Greek and Romany blood. The Greek accounted for his unquenchable love of the beautiful, combined, curiously enough, with an almost equal love of the horrible. He was moved by the smile of Venus and also by the twisting snakes above Medusa's brow. His Romany blood may have acocunted for the fact that he was one of the world's wanderers.

I attach, in common with Dr. G. M. Gould,* even more importance to Hearn's defective vision. He saw everything in a microscopic way—and notice at this point the love of little things so characteristic of the Japanese. On the *tsuba* (sword-guard) and *netsuke* (toggle for medicine-box or tobacco-pouch) will be found stories from history and legend, while a Japanese garden, replete with lantern and bright red bridge, has been fashioned in a space no bigger than a soup plate. Hearn's limited vision seemed to stimulate rather than check his imagination. On one occasion, a city editor persuaded Hearn to climb the spire of St. Paul's Cathedral, Cincinnati. He wrote an account of that experience, and it 'went the round of the newspaper world.' His feat recalls the following lines of Andrew Lang.

> And with my feeble eyes and dim,
> Where *you* see patchy fields and fences,
> For me the mists of Turner swim—
> My azure distance soon commences!

Hearn was more Stevensonian than R. L. S. in his reverence for words. He wrote: 'For me words have color, character; they have faces, pouts, manners, gesticulations; they have moods, humors, eccentricities; they have tints, tones, personalities.' He toyed in a whimsical manner with this idea, in a letter to Professor B. H. Chamberlain. He wrote:

> Because people cannot see the color of words, the tint of words, the secret ghostly motions of words:—
>
> Because they cannot hear the whispering of words, the rustling of the procession of letters, the dream-flutes and dream-drums which are thinly and weirdly played by words:—
>
> Because they cannot perceive the pouting of words, the frowning and fuming of words, the weeping, the raging and racketing of words:—
>
> Because they are insensible to the prosphorescing of words, the fragrance of words, the noisomeness of words, the tenderness or hardness, the drying or juiciness of words,—the interchange of values in the gold, the silver and the copper of words:—
>
> Is that any reason why we should not try to make them hear, to make them see, to make them feel? . . .

Hearn had one answer ready himself: 'Because they won't buy your

*Dr. Gould wrote interesting articles on this subject in the *Fortnightly Review*, October-November, 1906.

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books, and you won't make any money.' The closed pockets of the Philistines did not distress him. In the same letter he wrote:

> . . . Surely I have never yet made, and never expect to make any money. Neither do I expect to write ever for the multitude. I write for beloved friends who can see color in words, can smell the perfume of syllables in blossom, can be shocked with the fine elfish electricity of words. And in the eternal order of things, words will eventually have their rights recognized by the people.

Mrs. Hearn used to tell her husband Japanese ghost stories. They were told on dreary evenings, and in a room that was dimly lighted. Mrs. Hearn wrote:

> When I tell him stories I always tell him at first the mere skeleton of the story. If it is interesting, he puts it down in his note-book and makes me repeat several times.
>
> And when the story is interesting, he instantly becomes exceedingly serious; the color of his face changes; his eyes wear the look of fearful enthusiam.
>
> As I went on, as usual, with the story of Okachinsan, his face gradually became pale; his eyes were fixed; I feel a sudden awe. When I finished the narrative he became a little relaxed and said it was very interesting. 'O blood!' he repeatedly said; and asked me several questions regarding the situations, actions, and so forth, involved in the story. 'In what manner was "O blood!" exclaimed? In what manner of voice? What do you think of the sound of "geta" at that time? How was the night? I think so and so. What do you think? and so forth.' Thus he consulted me about various things besides the original story which I told from the book. If any one happened to see us thus talking from outside, he would surely think that we were mad.

The story of Okachinsan was published in *Kotto,** and its weirdness and dramatic force were undoubtedly due in some measure to those fearsome questions and answers Mrs. Hearn has described so vividly. The story is not original. Hearn never invented a story of his own. He borrowed his material, but so far from leaving a debt we usually associate with plagiarism, he ransacked his store of words with so much diligence, and arranged and re-arranged them with so much artistry, that the material, fusty enough in the original, glows with the lustre of Chinese silk.

Lamb claimed that the value of a book lent to Coleridge was enhanced considerably when it was returned with the magic of his marginal notes. And so it was with Hearn. He borrowed a good deal of his literary material, but he had the art of jeweling dull phrases and of giving a ghostly perfume to the most acrid passages. He borrowed nothing that his genius did not beautify a thousandfold.

Hearn wrote in one of his early letters from Japan:

> Pretty to talk of my 'pen of fire.' I've lost it. Well, the fact is, it is no use here. There isn't any fire here. It is all soft, dreamy, quiet, pale, faint, gentle, hazy, vapory, visionary. . . . Don't please imagine there are any tropics here. Ah! the tropics—they still pull at my heartstrings. Goodness! my real field was there—in the Latin countries, in the West Indies and Spanish America: and my dream was to haunt the old crumbling Portuguese and Spanish cities, and steam up the Orinoco, and get romances nobody else could find. And I could have done it, and made books that would sell for twenty years.

Hearn was wrong. Few read to-day his *Chita, Youma,* and *Two Years in the French West Indies,* while of *Glimpses of Unfamiliar Japan, Out of the East,* and *Kokoro* Professor B. H. Chamberlain wrote: 'Never, perhaps, was scientific accuracy of detail married to such tender and exquisite brilliancy of style. In reading these wonderfully original essays, we feel the truth of Richard Wagner's saying that "Alles Verstandniss kommt uns nur durch die Liebe."'

* *The Legend of Yuki-Daki.* In Hearn's version Okachinsan reads O-Katsu-San.

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It was fortunate for Hearn, and for us, that he did not spend the best years of his life in Latin countries. Japan stimulated his genius as no other country could have done. Israel Zangwill has said, in reference to Pierre Loti's *Madame Chrysantheme,* that 'instead of looking for the soul of a people, Pierre Loti was simply looking for a woman.' Hearn wrote a remarkable essay on *The Eternal Feminine,* but his quest did not end there. In *Gleanings in Buddha Fields* he shook off the rosy rapture of his first Japanese book. Miss Elizabeth Bisland wrote: 'The visible beauty of woman, of nature, of art, grew to absorb him less as he sought for the essential principle of beauty.'

We cannot use the word 'popular' in reference to any of Hearn's work, but *Kokoro* is probably the most widely read book, and, both in story and essay, the volume is a fine achievement. He gradually abandoned the early richness of his style in favor of a 'pellucid simplicity.' His biographer wrote: 'The transparent, shadowy, "weird stories" of *Kwaidan* were as unlike the splendid floridity of his West Indian studies as a Shinto shrine is unlike a Gothic cathedral. These ghostly sketches might have been made by the brush of a Japanese artist; a gray whirl of water about a phantom fish—a shadow of a pine bough across the face of a spectral moon—an outline of mountains as filmy as dreams, brief, almost childishly simple, and yet suggesting things poignant, things ineffable.'

Whether Hearn wrote about dust or ants, stars or Nirvana, azure psychology or *frisson,* the power of glamour and emotion were never absent except in his *Japan: An Interpretation.* In that posthumous book, by some critics regarded as his finest work, there is no trace of emotionalism. It is penetrating criticism: Hearn's final judgment on Japan and the Japanese. It occupies a place by itself, and is as distinct from his other work as is *The Dynasts* from the Wessex novels. In *Japan: An Interpretation,* he forgot his old worship—'the worship of the Odd, the Queer, the Strange, the Exotic, the Monstrous.'

Now that Hearn's lectures on literature to Japanese students have been published* and widely reviewed, something must be said in reference to his literary opinions and literary influences. Was Hearn a sound critic? That his remarks in regard to many writers were extremely apt cannot be denied; but on the other hand he was too emotional, too sensitive, too inconsistent, to be always a sound judge of literary matters. On one occasion he praised a worthless book on account of his liking for the sender, and confessed in one of his letters: 'I should certainly make a bad critic if I were acquainted with authors and their friends. One sees what does not exist whenever one loves or hates. As I am rather a creature of extremes, I should be an extremely crooked-visioned judge of work.' Hearn described *Le Marriage de Loti* as 'the weirdest and loveliest romance ever written,' and when ill, it was one of his regrets that he might never be able to read *L'Inde sans Anglais.* But his enthusiasm cooled, as it cooled in regard to De Quincey. We find Hearn rather bitterly complaining of Loti's formal typewritten letters to him, and his final comment is: 'The poet became

* *Interpretations of Literature, Appreciations of Poetry and Literature.* Heinemann.

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a little morbid, modern, affected Frenchman.'

When Hearn praised, he praised wholeheartedly. He has never excelled the following in warmth of eulogy: 'I have a book for you—an astounding book,—a godlike book. . . . It is the finest book on the east ever written: and though very small contains more than all my library of Oriental books.' The volume was Percival Lowell's *The Soul of the Far East.* He wrote of Kipling: 'He is to my fixed conviction the greatest of living English poets, and greater than all before him in the line he has taken.' He wrote with the same generous abandon: 'Never in this world will I be able to write one page to compare with a page of his. He makes me feel so small, that after reading him I wonder why I am such an ass as to write at all.'

Such enthusiasm is interesting rather than valuable. It is only when Hearn's opinions are analytical, are not emotional, that they become worthy of honest criticism. He has dealt as justly with Zola and Ebers as he has written extravagantly of Gautier and Flaubert. The author of *First Principles* and other books devoted to synthetic philosophy, would have been amused had he read the following extravaganza: 'I find my only salvation in a return to the study of the Oceanic Majesty and Power and Greatness and Holiness and Omniscience of Herbert Spencer.' Edward Fitzgerald would not have used more capital letters! Hearn was so steeped in neurotic literature that only occasionally his criticisms have weight. His comments on English eighteenth century literature are simply foolish, as if he were angry with Pope for not being a lotus-eater! Now and again, made a little dizzy by Hearn's literary frenzies, we stumble upon a good thing such as the following remark on Carlyle:

> Assuredly Carlyle is no sweet pill to swallow; and he never guides you anywhere. He is hard reading; one feels as if traveling over broken rocks, and boulders hidden by scrub. But there are lightning flashes in that apocalyptic style of his which reveal infinite things. I read only for the flashes. Even then, only a little at a time every day. Did you ever know the agony of trying to read *Sartor Resartus* for *pleasure*?

'The new poetry is simply rotten!' wrote Hearn, 'morbidly, and otherwise. . . . There is no joy in this new world—and scarcely any tenderness: the language is the language of art, but the spirit is of Holbein and Gothic ages of religious madness.' In spite of this observation, he finally preferred Dobson, and Watson, and Lang to Wordsworth, Keats, or Shelley. Hearn quoted Watson's line on Wordsworth: 'It may be thought has broadened since he died!' and playfully added: 'Well, I should smile. His deepest truths have become platitudes.' Hearn wrote of Swinburne: 'There is nonsense in Swinburne, but he is merely a melodist and colorist. He enlarges the English tongue,—shows its richness, unsuspected flexibility, admirable sponge-power of beauty-absorption. . . .' His criticism of Whitman was sound and neatly expressed. He wrote:

> Whitman's gold seems to me in the ore: his diamonds and emeralds in the rough. . . . Whitman's is indeed a Titanic voice; but it seems to me the voice of the giant beneath the volcano,—half stifled, half uttered—roaring betimes because articulation is impossible. . . .

However changeable Hearn may have been in many respects, he remained true to his literary ideal. R. A. Scott-James, writing of Joseph Con-

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rad, observes: 'There is a fable about him to the effect that when faced with the choice between writing in English and in French, he decided for English, because in France all were stylists, but in England there were none of this kidney.'

There is no similar fable concerning Hearn, but he was aware that English literature lacked the delicate subtleties, the artistry of style peculiar to the French, or rather to the Latin nations generally. He wrote: 'It has long been my aim to create something in English fiction analogous to that warmth of color and richness of imagery hitherto peculiar to Latin literature. Being of a meridional race myself, a Greek, I *feel* rather with the Latin race than with the Anglo-Saxon; and trust that with time and study I may be able to create something different from the stone-gray of latter-day English.'

Hearn claimed that mythology, history, romance, and especially poetry, enriched fancy. He went so far as to assert that astronomy, geology, and ethnology furnished him 'with a wonderful and startling variety of images, symbols, and illustrations.' Alive, on the emotional side, to the work of others, he believed that 'when the soil of fancy is really well enriched with innumerable fallen leaves, the flowers of language grow spontaneously.'

The wonder is that this sentitive writer, who rushed from one shrine of praise to another, from Gautier to Kipling, and from Kipling to Herbert Spencer, should have been able to form an individual style of his own that is either the man himself, or his dream of the beautiful that came to him in the States, in the West Indies, and in Japan—that dream of poetic prose. He wrote: 'Then I stopped thinking. For I saw my home—and the lights of its household gods—and my boy stretching out his hands to me—and all the simple charm and love of Old Japan. And the fairy-world seized my soul again, very softly and sweetly—as a child might a butterfly.' That is our last impression of Lafcadio Hearn, for it was from such thoughts as these that he dreamed his dream, called up to a weary and cynical and hustling world the ghostly magic of the Land of the Gods.

(The New Witness)

EXILES AND EXOTICS IN TO-DAY'S PARIS

BY VINCENT O'SULLIVAN

THE French have the reputation of being hostile to foreign art. That is true in the case of literature, but foreign painting and music are well enough received. If light operas, which have been the joy of English-speaking countries, have never taken in France—the Gilbert and Sullivan production for instance—it is not through any prejudice, but simply because the French don't care about Sullivan's music. Viennese comic operas were rather popular before the war.

There may be a prejudice with regard to foreign books and plays, in so

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far as the critics and public approach them with a certain restraint, due to the conviction that all foreign literary art is more or less barbarous compared to the home product. Still, foreign books and plays are given a good chance. Wagner's *Die Walkure* was staged again at the opera recently amid great enthusiasm. There was indeed a disturbance, but it was a disturbance caused by people who could not get in. Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night* is now running. Ibsen's *Doll's House, Rosmersholm,* and *Master Builder Solness* attract audiences, admirably played as they are by the great actor who introduced them to France some twenty-five years ago. I mean Lugne-Poe, who has devoted his life to acquainting the French public with foreign drama. Heaven knows he had an up-hill fight, but he has won at last. This winter, he offered one of Strindberg's plays. He has had, besides, the one decided success of the theatrical year, a success both artistic and popular, in a play called *Un Cocu Magnifique,* by a Flemish writer hitherto unheard of, named Crommelynck. Except for Lugne-Poe's insight, Crommelynck would be on his uppers, for his play was refused right and left.

Somebody once asked Lugne-Poe why he did not give his attention to the English and American drama. 'Show me,' he answered, 'any modern English or American play that could be taken, even at a distance, for a masterpiece, and I'll do my best.' I believe he did stage Synge's *Playboy of the Western World,* a while before the war. It attracted little notice.

If English plays fail in France, it is not so much through jingoism, but because they have not enough of the general heart of man to be international. Barrie's *Admirable Crichton,* given in Paris last year, went down with all on board. The same fate overtook *Floradora,* a comic opera which was popular in England. Bernard Shaw's plays have never been successful here for the reason that the drama of ideas is one of the most used of French forms, and many French plays in this manner are superior to Shaw's; and also because wit, instead of being exceptional as in current English and American plays, overflows in French plays, so there is nothing refreshing in Shaw's wit for a French audience.

A good welcome has also been given here this winter to the Swedish ballets, to the Russian ballets, and also in some measure to a Russian theatre which is now open for as long as it gets the public support.

The Swedish ballets in a season of three weeks had fifteen days that looked like failure, and fifteen days of undoubted success. At the beginning, people were not disposed to recognize their originality. It was said that they had been stolen with both hands from Diaghilev's Russian ballets. A rather morbid piece, called *The Madman's House,* which has, however, great merit, came near destroying the Swedes with the French public, who don't like obscurity, or morbidness, or impression. That is why Maeterlinck's very beautiful plays have never been popular in France. Then the Swedes caught on with a piece called *El Greco,* and after that they held on. Now, a great number of people say that they prefer the Swedes to the Russians. The Swedes have a woman dancer, Miss Hasselquist, who is better in some respects than any woman the Russians have.

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They have no male dancer to compare with Leonide Massine, who has succeeded the unfortunate Nijinsky as chorograph of the Russian ballets. This young man with a pale face, in which glow, and sometimes blaze, eyes like black diamonds, is not only a great dancer from the physical standpoint, but an artistic intelligence of the highest order, and, in my opinion, a genius. In the Palace hotels where he camps, he leads a severe life, turning over books and drawings, trying to find a new modulation in the syntax of motion, of gesture. When he goes out, it is generally to go down to the theatre for a rehearsal. There, he sits at the back of the stage, watching the performers steadily with his great eyes. Is he pleased or displeased? He seems lost in a dream. Suddenly, he gets up, strolls down to the front, and coldly, a little disdainfully, slings out some sentences in Russian which change the whole thing.

So did he reorganize—recreate would not be a wrong word—the two new ballets which the Russians offered this season—*The Crowning of Spring* and *Parade*.

Practically new, *The Crowning* had been given in Paris in May, 1913, with Nijinsky's chorography. What between that and Stravinsky's music, the public raised such a hullabaloo that the dancers could not hear the orchestra, and had to follow the rhythm that Nijinsky, stamping and shouting, kept beating for them in the wings. Massine has remodelled Nijinsky's work; made it in every way better, I think; but not in the sense of conciliation. Every time I saw *The Crowning of Spring*, last month, there was a mixture of violent applause and hisses and catcalls. But now the artists of the modern schools give their support to the new things in the Russian ballets. In 1913, they looked on the Russian ballets as playthings taken up by fashionable society, and they stayed away. They did not take the trouble to find out what amazingly new things Diaghelev and Nijinsky were ready to do. The Cubist painter, Picasso, who has since become such a pillar of the Russian ballets that he might almost be described as one of the troupe, had never heard of the musician Stravinsky, before 1917.

The Crowning of Spring is a masterpiece in its way—an inchoative georgic, a symphony of the sadness of all creative travail, of the earth in labor, noises of farm and tent, lowing of cattle, little melodies coming from the depths of centuries. It is altogether Russian work.

Parade, on the other hand, is French except for the chorography, which is Massine's. It is a little ballet planned by a young poet, Jean Cocteau, and an elderly musician, Eric Satie, who is, however, one of the leaders of the extremely modern school in music. The scenery and costumes—or perhaps one should say, the disguises—were designed by Picasso. An American theatrical manager is represented by a skyscraper—perhaps the Woolworth Building. The music is ingenious, pathetic, and humorous; but Massine's work is undoubtedly the best of it. If people could take it as a farce they would be docile enough; but feeling they are expected to take it seriously, they lose their tempers. The three times it was given there was a good deal of jeering and booing. So seriously is it to be taken that the first night, the young author, Cocteau, was in tears in the green room. 'At last,' he

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exclaimed, 'my work is produced as I dreamed it should be.'

I think *Parade* might be liked in America. It is inspired by the United States. It is a synthesis of George Cohan, Atlantic liners, chop-suey, and jazz band. If it were the work of Americans, it would be called typically American art. But if it were the work of Americans, it would be howled at and suppressed in America. Everyone knows that the American public will accept warmly from foreigners, books or stage plays which they would do their best to kill if they were the work of native Americans. *Parade,* presented by Russians and French, seems to me to have a good chance of success in America.

I should now like to say a few words about what has struck me as more interesting than either Swedish or Russian ballets, or anything else on the stage in Paris at present. I mean the Russian theatre, which, as I said, was opened some six weeks ago by the troupe known as *The Bats,* of Moscow. (Theatre de la Chauve-Souris.)

Those who knew Moscow before the revolution will recall this theatre which was a kind of branch of the Theatre des Arts. *The Bats* was founded by Nikita Baliev, as a place for actors and actresses, and others to go after the theatres were closed. Beginning as a kind of club, it was eventually opened to the general public. I must say it speaks well for the taste of people who sought that kind of thing as an after-theatre entertainment. Nothing could be imagined more unlike the New York *Midnight Follies* or the trashy night cabarets in Paris.

Nikita Baliev and his troupe, wandering like lost souls during the war, at last cast up in Paris, where all the Russians for whom the revolution has proved too strong a physic seem to end by meeting. And finding themselves almost complete, and anything but wealthy, they said: 'Why should we not start *The Bats* here? Those experienced in the ways of Paris discouraged the poor *Bats,* already half-blinded by the light of (relative) freedom. 'The French won't stand for anything not in French. Singing, dancing, by foreigners, if you like; but spoken words must be in French.'

Still, *The Bats* resolved to try their luck. They could sing, they could dance. Had they not Madame Anderson of the late (alas!) Imperial Theatres?

So they chartered the Theatre Femina on the Champs Elysees—a theatre where many American Army shows were given in the months of the Armistice. They did not do very well at the start. They had not enough money to advertise largely, or to get notices in the papers. However, an incredible lot is done in Paris by word of mouth. Considering the size of the place, it is wonderful how things become known with hardly any advertising.

It did become known that the programme of *The Bats* was by no means a dead letter for all save those who know Russian. And it became known that this programme was made up of about ten little sketches, each lasting no longer than ten or fifteen minutes, and requiring no knowledge of Russian to follow them, since they consisted for the most part of songs or dances or pantomime.

What *The Bats* do is more interesting than the Russian or Swedish ballets in the eyes of those who appre-

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ciate art, because it is harder. The ballets have a big scenario to work on, to develop. *The Bats* make something out of nothing. They take a little ballad that Yvette Guilbert used to sing: 'The King has Beaten the Drum,' and with three women and two men they act it, they live it, they make it as poignant— far more poignant than most three-act plays. And they don't add a word; it is the little ditty that Yvette Guilbert used to sing when we were boys—nothing else.

You cannot imagine the gentleness and nostalgia of these little pieces. With a background of black velvet curtains, and candles burning in sconces, they evoke a life—all the good moments, all the bitter heartbreak and tears. Here, is a room in a house. There, is a pale light on the large window. Is it the dying of the day, or the moonlight? A young man is leaning against the wall, dressed as men dressed about 1830. A young woman is seated at the piano, and another is standing near the piano. She seems a little older. They are dressed with kerchief and hoop. And they sing—they sing passionately songs of loneliness, and of parting, crueller than the grave. As they are singing, the young man moves and bends over the girl at the piano. Then, after a little, he moves again and gently puts his hand on the hand of the girl who is standing. The song dies away plaintively, as the day dies on the window, as life dies.

That is all. And you say, 'When did I dream that?'

And now, with the same background, we have two people in a room. The man is in uniform, very untidy. The woman is sitting on the table; the man is sitting crosswise on a chair. And there is a bottle of champagne and glasses on the table. It is a private room in an all-night restaurant. From beyond comes the sound of laughter and gay singing. But some shadow has fallen between these two. Do they see the ghosts of the years? The gypsy girl begins to sing mournfully, with all that there is irreparable, like a voice calling through the rain a last time. She breaks into a passion of tears. Then he draws near and bends over her, and still sobbing, she draws down his soiled and weary head on her breast.

What does that mean? The curious thing is that I have seen that little piece twice, and—not a doubt about it!—it came home to everybody in the theatre, man or woman, in some fashion. Not only to your roysterers and your lovers, but to staid people who have never encouraged emotions or ever had anything to do with private rooms in restaurants.

As I was leaving the theatre, an Englishman and a girl, English too, were just in front of me. The man was the hard-bitten, good-looking type of Englishman, usual enough. The girl was pretty. She was evidently still under the glamour of the last scene.

'That's the best thing we've seen yet in Paris,' says the man. 'Quite different——'

'I've often said,' replied the girl, 'that my feelings were nearest to the Russian. That last thing——'

'Yes,' said the man. 'A mixture of restaurant life and high romance. And that is the best thing in life.'

'Oh!' cried the girl. She was rather suffocated. Then she laughed against her will, acquiescent, however.

'Well, it is, when you think of it,' said the man.

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How should I end without mentioning the name of the great artist who is responsible for all these emotions, and who can affect various people so variously? Her name may be well known in Russia, but it certainly is not in the rest of the world. It is Mme. Efremova. I think she is the greatest actress I have ever seen. The way she runs her hand over the sleeve of the man in uniform is itself a piece of drama almost as shattering as the knocking at the gate in *Macbeth*. I have not the least notion what Efremova really looks like; she appears in several of the little sketches and looks different in each one. So my tribute to her art is entirely unaffected by any physical attractions she may possess.

I am by temperament recalcitrant to what is called serious acting. I can never brew the illusion slab enough. There I sit with a number of men and women, watching other men and women a few yards off telling us a story which has no connection with their own lives. It doesn't help me to a story to see people pretending to be the characters of the story; I prefer to read it. I couldn't bear to be read to. That poor Fitzgerald sitting in a top-hat before a fireless grate somewhere on the east coast of England listening to a boy droning Boswell's *Life of Johnson,* seems to me the very culmination of discomfort. Except to *see* Dickens, who was a splendid genius, I cannot imagine what people gained by going to hear him read his books. It would have spoiled them for me.

I apologize for this disgression into my personal humors. I have made it, so that you may see I am not easily engaged—I am not an actor's pudding. I call this Russian woman a great actress because she does in fifteen minutes what all the star performers, male or female, whom I have ever seen took two hours and a half of prodigious sweating and mowings to do—yes, and did not often do at that.

Why did I set down just now the chatter of those two zanies coming out of the theatre? Was it for its value? No, surely. It was to show that the artist drew those people up to her to such a point that they came to identify themselves with the scene and character she was creating imaginatively; and the man from West Kensington saw himself dimly as a romantic hero scourged by fate, because he had supped with some woman in a restaurant, and the girl from Cheltenham felt she had a Russian soul. And if it were thus with them, thus it must have been with everybody else there—with the soldier from Algeria who sat next me, with the Japanese lady who sat in front.

Nikita Baliev will, I suppose, shift his *Bats* to London when he has worn out his welcome in Paris.

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(*The Cornhill*)

NATIONAL SPORTS AND NATIONAL METAPHOR

BY ERNEST WEEKLEY

JOSEPH STRUTT, the first writer to deal historically with the sports and pastimes of this country, begins by saying that 'in order to form a just estimation of the character of any particular people, it is absolutely necessary to investigate the sports and pastimes most generally prevalent among them.' That the national character is reflected in the national speech is equally true, and, conversely, it may be said that the figurative element of the language is a certain clue to the habits, tastes, and pursuits of the people speaking it. For nine tenths of language is metaphor, sometimes fossil, sometimes most living. If we suppose that some ethnologist of the far-distant future, attempting to reconstruct the characteristics of the English race, were wise enough to call in the assistance of the philologist, what would the latter be able to tell him? I think he would say 'These records appear to belong to a race which, besides possessing the common stock of international metaphor drawn from the key industries of primitive man (hunting, weaving, agriculture, and so forth), must have been particularly addicted to navigation, horsemanship and all forms of sport. They seem to have had a positive mania for hunting, and they certainly much preferred play to work.'

That there is such a thing as national metaphor I think all will grant. The English language has a salt smack. The most stay-at-home Midlander who has never seen the sea can hardly get through the day without using some figure of speech dating back to the Elizabethan seamen, perhaps even to the Vikings. But our nautical metaphor is another story. Hebrew metaphor, with its constant allusions to vegetation and fresh water, the vine and the fig-tree, reflects the preoccupations of a race doomed to wring a scanty existence from the hostile desert. American metaphor, young and sprightly, as befits a young and sprightly nation, tells of the struggle with the primeval forest, the railway, which is man's great helper in that struggle, and the quest for mineral treasure.

In the language of the United States 'to be stumped' is to come up against an insuperable obstacle, like the settler whose plough is suddenly arrested by a root left in the forest clearing. 'Log-rolling' reminds us of the communal effort required in building the backwoods settlement, when 'You roll my log and I'll roll yours' expressed readiness to help—for a consideration. The American prefers 'to side-track' (in English 'to shunt') anything that hinders progress, and, if unsucessful in one direction, promptly 'switches on' to another. The lucky adventurer 'strikes oil': the unlucky one may pursue his fruitless quest 'down to the bedrock.' Such phrases and figures belong to the youth of a nation.

A mature race like our own does not easily create new metaphors. Those engaged in a special craft or trade may use its technicalities figuratively among

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themselves, just as Mr. P. G. Wodehouse's entertaining young men take their imagery from billiards, the motorcar, the bridge table, and the golf links; but such figures of speech do not readily establish themselves in the everyday language of the people. Our stock of metaphor has been handed down to us from ancestors more or less remote, and it takes some such convulsion as a World War to make any noticeable addition to it.

Some think that Englishmen play too much. My own humble opinion is that they now play too little. The grand old tradition contained in the word 'fair-play,' a word untranslatable into any language I am acquainted with, was not created by watching the skill and agility of twenty-two expensive Scotsmen, but by giving and taking hard knocks, the only way of learning to 'play the game'—another untranslatable phrase. Foreign races, especially those afflicted with excessive acuteness,look on, pityingly, at our devotion to sport, and put us down for a stupid race. No doubt they are right. We are stupid. It is even said that we have not sufficient mental alertness to know when we are beaten. I suppose there is no accusation which so rankles with the average Englishman as that of 'unsportsmanlike' behavior, and the Prince of Wales expressed a genuinely national ideal when, in a speech made last year, he said that 'every child born in the country should have a sporting chance.'

A great deal of our sporting metaphor is not exclusively English. This applies especially to the indoor type of game. Of such games, I suppose some form of dicing is as old as any. The obvious 'the die is cast' is traditionally ascribed to Julius Cæsar crossing the Rubicon. Less obvious is the use of 'it falls out' for 'it happens,' originally referring to the fall of the dice. The word 'hazard,' now of such wide connotation, is said by a contemporary of the Crusades to have been the name of a castle in Palestine at which a new game of chance was invented, and the word 'chance' itself, which is Old French for 'fall,' is another early legacy from the dice-box, though the exact meaning of the 'main chance' is obscure. We now usually associate 'aces' with cards, but they were originally the single pips on dice, a fact of which we are reminded by the common expression 'within an ace of,' and by the use of 'the deuce!' to express the dismay of the gambler who has thrown the double ace. Our modern 'at sixes and sevens' appears to have been evolved, with an obscure transformation of sense, from the mediæval 'to set our six and seven,' which in Chaucer means something like 'to go nap.' It is even probable that 'no great shakes, was originally applied to an unproductive throw of the dice.

Of equal antiquity with dice is 'chess,' a word which is really the plural of 'check,' which in its turn represents the Persian *shah* (king). The simple metaphor derived from the chess-board has long been used with special reference to warfare 'Check' for a repulse, and 'stale-mate' for a position in which neither side can take the initiative, were commonly used during the Great War, as they had been used long before. Not all of us perhaps realize that when we 'check' a man's accounts, or forestall his possible dishonesty by paying him with a 'cheque,' we are also using chess-board language; or that the

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royal 'exchequer' was once the board marked out in squares on which the chancellor kept the royal accounts.

A very popular board game with those who were too godly for dice and too stupid for chess or backgammon, which in Old French was called 'reversier,' and in Dutch is 'verkeerspel,' that is, turn-game. In English it was also called 'tables,' from the two folding leaves of which the backgammon board was composed. I am not acquainted with the technicalities of the game, so cannot explain exactly what is meant by the familiar expression to 'turn the tables on' an adversary. The obsolete game of lurch, which has given us 'to leave in the lurch,' is supposed to have been of similar character.

From card-playing comes 'above-board,' where 'board' has the archaic sense of 'table,' as still in 'board and lodging.' Dr. Johnson tells us that 'above-board is a figurative expression from gamesters, who, when they put their hands under the table, are changing their cards.' Its natural opposite is 'underhand.' More modern is 'to show one's hand,' in the sense of allowing one's opponent to see one's cards, while the figurative use of 'long suit,' for special ability or advantage, is a coinage of the last few years. 'To lead up to' and 'to force one's hand' are both from the whist-table, while 'to palm off' and 'to foist on,' the latter perhaps from the Dutch word for fist, are card-sharping or dicing terms. The figurative use of 'shuffle' is of similar origin. 'To play fast and loose' is from an obsolete cheating game with a string or strap.

If we were dealing with American metaphor, this would be the place for a short excursus on the origin and history of 'bluff,' a word from the game of poker, which so far supplies a long-felt want that it has been adopted by many European languages. Readers of Mr. Kipling will remember how the crew of the *SS. Bolivar* 'euchred God Almighty's storm, bluffed the eternal sea'. The Elizabethan word was 'vie,' which has long lost all association with cards. In speaking of a man on whom complete reliance can be placed, we sometimes call him a 'trump.' The figurative use of this word is as old as Bishop Latimer, who, in his famous sermon on the Card' (1529), says, 'Now turn up your trump, your heart —hearts is trump, as I said before.' The use in French of 'ace' for a brilliant airman is a parallel, 'ace' having here, of course, the card sense. Approximating to a 'trump' is a 'sure card,' whence perhaps is evolved the later 'queer card,' as applied to a person, and finally, with ellipsis of the adjective, Mr. Arnold Bennett's 'Card.'

When we turn to the history of outdoor sports, we find a sharp division between those practised by the Norman noble and by the English burgher, or peasant. This division is reflected linguistically in the fact that the vocabulary of the tournament, of falconry, and of tennis is chiefly of French origin, while that of the cheaper popular sports, such as archery, wrestling, and cudgel-playing, is mostly English. From the tournament we have 'to run full tilt,' as Don Quixote did when he 'tilted at windmills,' and we still speak figuratively of 'entering the lists.' But the contribution made by aristocratic sport is usually insignificant compared with that which is due to the people. The tournament declined with the decay of chivalry, and the young noble of the fifteenth

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century began to forsake the tilt-yard for the tennis-court. This aristocratic game, of which lawn-tennis is but a degenerate scion, seems to have been even more popular in France than in England, if we may judge by its contribution to popular metaphor. 'Frendre la balle au bond' (that is, to take the ball at the bound) is colloquial French for 'to seize an opportunity'; and the fact that the professional keeping of tennis-courts was handed down from father to son is responsible for the curious expression 'enfant de la balle' for a son who adopts his father's calling. French *volee* and English 'volley' were both probably used of the flight of the tennis-ball before being applied to a discharge of projectiles, and the following passage from Nashe (1596) might almost refer the contemporary Wimbledon:

> One that stands, as it were, at the line in a tennis-court, and takes every ball at the volley.

To tennis, we owe the phrase 'to drive from pillar to post,' though its exact meaning has not been traced. The allusion is to the driving of the tennis-ball, and the earlier order, found in Lydgate, was 'from post to pillar.' This was inverted to facilitate the stock rhyme with 'tossed.' In the old play *Liberality and Prodigality* (1602), a character is described as—

> Every minute tost,
> Like to a tennis-ball, from pillar to post.

In John Marston's comedy *What you Will*, the phrase is used of battledore and shuttlecock, the context suggesting that the 'pillar' and 'post' were names given to the two ends of the court. The following explanation has occurred to me as possible. It is known that modern games have developed from simple beginnings: for example, fives was originally played against any convenient wall, and the 'pepper-box' of a modern fives-court imitates one of the buttresses of Eton College Chapel. Tennis is supposed to have sprung from a rudimentary ball-game played with simple apparatus in the court-yards and mansions and castles. The entrance gate and the front door would naturally be adopted as the two ends of the court, the pillars of the one and the posts of the other serving as boundaries. Another verb commonly used in this connection was 'to bandy.' We now 'bandy' only remarks, invectives, and so forth; but Juliet uses the word in its literal sense, when she says of the lagging messenger—

> Had she affections and warm youthful blood,
> She'd be as swift in motion as a ball;
> My words would bandy her to my sweet love,
> And his to me.

What the tourney was to the noble, we may say that archery was to the commoner; and as it is the commoner, and not the noble, who makes the language, it is not surprising to find that the bowman's contribution to metaphor far exceeds that of the armoured knight. It must be remembered that during the Middle Ages every able-bodied Englishman was an expert with—

> The crooked stick and the gray-goose wing,
> Without which England were but a fling.

After attending divine service on Sunday morning, the craftsman betook himself to the town fields, the peasant to the village green, to practise archery. This was long ago. With the progress of civilization these irreligious customs gradually lapsed, and the Englishman took to waiting with

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Sabbath calm for the public-houses to open. The crossbowman shot a short heavy arrow called a 'bolt,' which we still use in the phrase 'bolt upright,' with which compare 'straight as a dart.' This sense of 'bolt' also survives in 'thunderbolt,' 'a bolt from the blue' (the latter, however, adopted by Carlyle from the German), and in the verb 'to bolt' (that is, to go off like an arrow from the bow), the further transition to 'bolting one's food' being easy and natural. Our ancestors spoke of 'making a bolt or a shaft' much as country folk still speak of 'making a spoon or spoiling a horn,' and the proverbial saying that 'a fool's bolt is soon shot' is, I suppose, still good current English. The word 'target' is modern in its current sense. The mediæval bowman spoke of the 'mark' or the 'butt,' and such phrases as 'beside the mark,' 'to overshoot the mark,' 'not up to the mark,' 'wide of the mark,' all come from archery, the last having been adopted in the elliptical form of 'wide' by cricket. We still use 'butt' in something like its mediæval sense in 'rifle-butts,' and 'to make a butt of' a person is to use him as the target of one's satiric missiles. 'To hit the nail on the head' now suggests the competent carpenter, but originally referred to the nail or pin which marked the centre of the bull's-eye. Perhaps the commonest current phrase in which connection with archery is preserved is that of 'two strings to one's bow.'

Archery declined along with chivalry, villainous saltpetre being partly responsible for the eclipse of both. No doubt the crowding into towns, where open spaces were lacking, had something to do with the neglect of the bow. Many attempts were made to arrest this decay. Ascham wrote *Toxophilus* in praise of archery, and Henry VIII founded the Honorable Artillery Company (it will be remembered that 'artillery' is the word used in the Bible for Jonathan's bow and arrows); but all in vain, and this terrible weapon, against which the musketeers of the seventeenth century would have been as helpless as sheep, survived only as a toy. Legend still preserves, along with Robin Hood and his merry men, the names of Adam Bell, Clim o' the Cleugh, and William of Cloudeslie, as renowned in their day as any prize-fighter or film-star in our own; and I cannot help thinking that the expression 'to draw the long bow' must have originally referred to some venerable survivor of Agincourt fond of favorably contrasting the weapon of his youth with the new-fangled firearms, so apt to 'hang fire' or to 'flash in the pan.' Probably 'point-blank,' now associated with guns, really belongs to archery, the 'blank,' or white, being the centre of the target, at which the bowman could, if near enough, 'point' without allowing for wind or trajectory.

Just as the nobleman abandoned the tilt-yard for the tennis court, so the commoner forsook archery for bowls. The game is ancient, but was always frowned on by Church and State, partly because it led to the decay of archery, but also because it was commonly associated with gambling and knavery. It has given us the expression 'rub,' that is 'rub of the green,' for an unexpected difficulty or obstacle, and the word 'bias,' in its earlier use, is always associated with the curving course of the bowl. Shakespeare seems to have frequented the bowling-green. In *Richard II*, the

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sad queen, when a lady suggests a game of bowls, replies—

'Twill make me think the world is full of rubs,
And that my fortune runs against the bias.

In the Bastard's last speech in the second act of *King John,* 'commodity' is called 'the bias of the world,' the bowling metaphor being elaborated at considerable length. There were two varieties of the game, known as short-bowls and long-bowls, and the latter was commonly used by seamen of Nelson's time for an engagement at long range. I gather that bowls is now an essentially respectable game, played chiefly by the elderly and sedate. It has handed on its name as a cricket term, the verb 'to bowl' dating from the time when cricket-ball was trundled underhand like a wooden bowl. To cricket, we owe the figurative sense of 'to bowl out,' while 'to bowl over' comes from skittles, the game which took over the more wicked traditions of bowls, including the proverbial association with beer, the combination being taken to represent the workers' Elysium.

Perhaps no form of mediæval sport is responsible for more figures of speech than falconry. Its vocabulary, like that of every branch of the chase, was highly specialized, and most of the metaphors connected with it have long lost their original association. The complimentary adjective 'debonair,' of prehistoric antiquity, probably meant 'of good eyry,' applied to hawks much as we use 'thoroughbred' of horses. Such a hawk would only 'fly at higher game,' unlike the 'haggard,' or untrained hawk, which would, as Shakespeare says, 'check at every feather.' The fore-claws of the hawk were called the 'pounces,' whence the verb 'to pounce upon.' We have long dropped this word in favor of 'talon,' which is French for 'heel' and was used by the mediæval falconer only of the heel-claw. 'To reclaim' now means only to reform. In Chaucer's time it meant to call back the hawk after its flight, and the 'lure,' an Old French word for 'bait,' also acquired the special sense of the pipe, or call used by the falconer in reclaiming the hawk. Juliet, like all young ladies of her time, was familiar with the technicalities of falconry—

Oh for a falconer's voice,
To lure this tassel-gentle back again.

Two technical phrases, apparently almost synonymous, were used in connection with the hawk's soaring flight. In *Macbeth* we read of—

A falcon towering in her pride of place

(that is, at her highest point of flight), a phrase which is also the clue to 'towering passion,' first used by Shakespeare, and revived in more recent times, like so many other Shakespearean coinages, by Scott. The other phrase is 'at full pitch.' Glapthorne, in his forgotten comedy *The Hollander* (1640), describes Rage as—

Like a falcon towering at full pitch o'er the trembling fowl.

We still use 'pride of place' and 'full pitch,' but in senses quite remote from the original metaphor. The verb 'to rouse' is first recorded of the hawk ruffling its feathers preparatory to taking flight.

The fact that an essentially aristocratic sport like hawking should have made so large a contribution to popular speech is perhaps to be explained by its exercise requiring much professional help from the commoner. This

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is indicated by the frequency of the surname Falconer, Faulkner, and so forth. The same remark applies to hunting, also a sport monopolized by the noble classes. The simpler metaphors connected with hunting are the common property of the nations, but, in England, fox-hunting is responsible for a special group of figurative expressions. When the historian of the future notes that, in our day, the elect of the people were hustled in and out of the Parliamentary division lobbies by 'whips,' he will conclude, and rightly, that early Parliaments were chiefly composed of fox-hunting squires.

Essentially fox-hunting terms are 'to run to earth,' 'to unearth,' 'in full cry,' 'to hark back,' 'in at the death.' Less obvious is 'to give a lead,' that is, to show the way over a fence to a rider whose mount hesitates. 'To get wind of,' 'something in the wind,' refer to the scent. We say of a man who has met with disaster that he has 'come a cropper,' that is, fallen on his head, thus preserving an old meaning of 'crop,' of which the only other survival is 'neck and crop.' The variant to 'come a mucker' would appear to allude to the look of the rider whose fall has taken place on miry ground. One who seeks a reasonable excuse for retiring from an enterprise is said to be 'riding for a fall,' and a great philosophic truth is contained in the hunting proverb 'It's the pace that kills, not the miles.' Quite recently, the nation was advised by a wise politician 'not to jump its fences till it came to them.' To clear an obstacle 'in one's stride,' that is, without any change of gait, is also from the hunting-field, and it is a well-known fact that 'a red herring across the track' will throw the hounds off the scent. 'At fault' and 'at a loss' were both first used of hounds, and their disorderly scattering when the scent was lost was called 'running riot.'

Much older than these fox-hunting phrases are some others connected with the mediæval chase. 'To beat about the bush' is apparently combined from two phrases of different meaning, namely, 'to beat the bush,' in order to start the game, and 'to go about the bush,' used of a hound which shows no anxiety to tackle the wild animal in the thicket. A dog which missed its birds was said to 'blink' them, whence our use of the verb for wilfully failing to see what is obvious. On special occasions, it was usual to enclose a section of the forest with an immense net which prevented the game from escaping. Such a net was called a 'toil,' from the French *toile*, a woven fabric. Hence the phrase 'in the toils.' As the birds or deer were driven, each of the hunting party 'singled out' his victim. A more strenuous and sportsmanlike form of exercise was represented by the 'wild-goose chase,' which involved headlong riding 'through thick and thin,' Chaucer's phrase for the varying degree of obstruction offered by vegetation to a galloping horse. A 'relay' (French *relais*) consisted originally of fresh hounds, which were 'released' to take the place of those that showed fatigue. the poetic word 'tryst' (meeting-place) is one of the oldest words of the hunting vocabulary. It comes to us from Old French, but its ultimate origin and exact meaning are unknown.

Perhaps the oddest and least obvious expression which belongs to this region of ideas is 'to take heart of grace.'

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This is a kind of stupid and unintelligible pun on 'hart of grease' (that is, fat stag), 'grease' being the word regularly used by the mediæval Nimrod in reference to the condition of deer. The two words 'hart,' 'heart,' were spelled alike in Middle English, and there may have been some clumsy attempt to play on 'fat hart' and 'stout heart.' Palsgrave (1536) quotes 'I take herte a gresse, as one doth that taketh a sodayne courage upon hym.' A very modern figure from shooting is the expressive 'sitter,' used of an enterprise offering no more difficulty than the shooting of a bird on the roost. This is much the same as the earlier 'pot-shot,' when, food and not sport being the object, the hunted animal receives no 'law.'

Every Englishman naturally loves a horse, though he knows that he must have his wits about him when he buys one. The slang word 'fake,' of obscure origin, appears to have been first used in connection with doctoring horses for sale. In the seventeenth century, a horse-dealer was a 'jockey,' a word which we now limit to a professional rider. This is smply the northern form of the name Jack. Dr. Johnson defines a jockey as 'a cheat, a trickish fellow'; and from the noun we have formed the slang verb 'to jockey,' that is, to swindle. A curious parallel to this is the archaic verb 'to cozen,' which comes from the Italian *cozzone,* a horse-dealer, defined also in a seventeenth-century dictionary as 'a craftie knave.' In buying a horse, it is usual to 'put him through his paces,' just as a raw recruit is 'put through his facings.' If the result is satisfactory, and the horse is found to 'go the pace,' 'without turning a hair,' he may be described as 'thorough-paced.' It is characteristic of the general down-hill tendency of language that we now use this adjective only in describing scoundrels; but Fuller tells us that the Emperor Constantius 'was a thorough-pac'd Christian.' Some purchasers prefer an 'easy-going' horse—an epithet now more often applied to persons. 'To have the whip-hand,' 'to get the bit between one's teeth,' 'to be saddled with,' 'to get out of hand,' 'to ride upon the snaffle or the curb,' are equestrian phrases of which every Englishman understands the figurative applications. The riding-horse for everyday use was a 'hackney,' or 'hack,' a word now applied especially to the uncreative literary man.

We still, occasionally, use the phrase 'to bear away the bell,' in the sense of success. This is a reminiscence of the time when a silver bell, now replaced by a cup, was the prize for a horse-race. In 1609, the Chest Cup was a bell. Our earliest authority for the word 'handicap' is Pepys, who uses it of a kind of lottery game, in which winners were penalized to the profit of the pool. The name suggests the drawing of lots from a hat. Its current sense is of later development.

The golfer's handicap naturally suggests 'scratch,' the mark from which competitors started in a race, and to which pugilists stood up. This has given us 'to come up to the scratch,' almost synonymous with 'to toe the line.' 'To scratch,' erase a name from the list of competitors, represents another sense of the word. It is annoying to find that the horse one has backed has been scratched, because everyone likes 'to have a run for his money.' An equivalent of 'scratch,' in the sense of starting-line, was 'score,' the earliest meaning of which was a long

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mark or incision. 'To go off at score,' expressing the idea of abrupt departure, alluded, originally, to what we call a false start.

I do not know whether Mr. Lloyd George approves of horse-racing, but on May 24, 1918, he expressed the opinion that 'wrong is often a good starter, but always a bad stayer,' illustrating special senses acquired by these two verbs in sporting language. Chaucer uses the expression 'to start a hare,' and, when we speak of 'starting a discussion,' we are using hunting metaphor. In racing, a 'walk-over' occurs, when, in the absence of other competitors, the single animal traverses the course *pro forma* at an easy pace. 'To weigh in' with an argument likens the disputant to the successful jockey 'weighing in' after winning a race. To horsemanship also belongs the phrase 'to ride a hobby to death,' 'hobby' being, like 'dobbin,' a mediæval nickname for a horse. Both words are pet forms of Robert. There are many other horsy expressions, familiar to young men of sporting tastes, but less intelligible to the general public. The slang use of the verb 'to bar,' in the sense of 'to except,' comes from the bookmaker, and one has heard a ploughed examinee or an unsuccessful suitor described as an 'also ran,' though, as the result showed, 'out of the running.'

The least sportsmanlike of sports are those in which animals, human or otherwise, are pitted against each other for the delectation of spectators. The word 'pitted' at once suggests one of the oldest of such sports, namely, cock-fighting, a pursuit to which we owe a good many modern expressions, including the word 'cockpit' for a theatre of strife. We even say of anything superlatively amusing that it 'beats cock-fighting,' and 'to live like fighting-cocks' is an indication of the luxury enjoyed by those favored birds. 'To show the white feather' alludes to the belief that a white feather in the tail of a gamecock was a sign that the bird would not 'show fight,' or at the best would 'fight shy.' We can imagine the owner of such a failure sadly admitting, 'That cock won't fight.' The beaten cock was described as 'crest-fallen.'

A general engagement between two teams of birds was called a 'battle royal,' a name given earlier in the Middle Ages to a battle with kings in command on both sides. To this sport we also owe the curious development of the word 'game,' originally an abstract noun with the general sense of 'sport,' which has now partly replaced it. A bird used in cock-fighting was called a 'cock of the game,' then, for short, 'gamecock,' a compound in which 'game' was later felt to have the adjectival sense of valiant, resolute, in which sense it has passed into current English, as in 'to die game.' The less aristocratic sport of dog-fighting has given the phrase 'to set by the ears,' the ear being the favorite objective of the combatants. The French even have a proverb to the effect that a quarrelsome dog always has a torn ear. The hero of many dog-fights became what was called 'hard-bitten,' an epithet which we still use of a tough customer.

In early records, we find cock-fighting associated with bull-baiting. The word 'bait' is derived from Icelandic, and means 'to make bite,' a sense still conspicuous in the case of the fisherman's bait. When it was thought desirable to give the baited animal a rest,

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the dogs were driven off with staves, a practice to which we owe our phrase 'to stave off,' which we now use in quite a different sense. Bulls were baited regularly in all English towns, while bear-baiting was generally practised in the more thickly populated centres. The 'bear-garden' early acquired a character which survives in our use of the word. I am not sure which animal is originally referred to in the expression 'to lead by the nose,' but in a comedy from which I have already quoted *Glapthorne's 'Hollander,'* it is said of a character that 'he may be led by the nose as quietly as the tamest bear in the garden.' Horace Walpole uses 'bear-leader' for a traveling tutor in charge of a 'cub' who needs 'licking into shape.' The superstition that the bear-cub is shapeless at birth and is 'licked into shape' is found in Greek literature, and is said to be traceable in Egyptian hieroglyphics. It is probably from the bear-garden that we get the adjective 'bearish' and the proverbial 'bear with a sore head,' as the animal was not otherwise known to our ancestors. The sport of badger-baiting is responsible for our colloquial verb 'to badger.'

The bear-garden was also the scene of sword-play, cudgel-play, wrestling, and pugilism. Much of the metaphor of the sword is simple. Everyone realizes what is meant by a 'home-thrust.' Less obvious is 'repartee,' originally a counter-thrust, or the figure implied in the words 'forte' and 'foible,' for a man's strong and weak points. These two words were applied by French fencing experts to the upper, or strong, and the lower, or weak, halves of the sword-blade, and the knewledge of a man's 'forte' and 'foible' was acquired by encountering him with the foils. The homelier cudgel has given us the familiar 'to take up the cudgels' and the expressive 'to cudgel one's brains,' the latter phrase being first recorded, like so much of our modern phraseology, in Shakespeare.

Of earlier date than 'to take up the cudgels' is the archaic 'to take up the bucklers,' from the mediæval encounters with sword and buckler which preceded scientific fencing. To modern wrestling of the jiu-jitsu type, we owe the current 'strangle-hold,' while the mediæval form of the sport has given us 'to have the pull of' and 'to catch on the hop,' a recent and meaningless alteration of the earlier 'to catch on the hip,' a manœuvre apparently akin to a cross-buttock.' The 'dead-lock,' when neither combatant can safely let go, is something like the position which the French, like the ancient Greeks, describe as 'holding the wolf by the ears.'

I do not know at what date the bear-garden added pugilism to its attractions. The prize-fights which Pepys saw there were with swords. But the great vogue of the ring in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries has enriched the language with many choice images. Mr. Lloyd George, in 1917, spoke of this country as 'keeping the ring' and 'seeing fair play,' and such a serious paper as the *Westminster Gazette* lately described the powerful interests which choose Presidents in the United States as 'sparring for position,' using a verb which was taken over by the prize-ring from the cockpit. On the day after the Armistice was declared, more than one serious daily headed its leading article, 'Germany throws up the sponge.'

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During the war, the necessity of the 'knock-out blow' was emphasized by the bitter-enders, and the treachery of Russia was felt as a blow 'below the belt.' It has been my recent experience to give instruction in English to a number of highly educated students of French nationality. It is interesting to observe that to these students, who are thoroughly conversant with literary English, most of the expressions which I have quoted in this paper are full of mystery. They would be still more puzzled by the fancy variations which are used in the ultra-sporting language of pugilism, a language in which nothing is called by its name. The eyes become 'eepers' or 'optics,' the teeth 'ivories,' an important part of the internal economy is described as the 'pantry,' and the drawing of vital fluid from an opponent's nose takes the picturesque guise of 'tapping his claret.' From a novel by Mr. Oliver Onions, I glean the information that "chucking up the sponge' is sometimes expressed as 'skying the wiper.' There is really a good deal of imagination in this peculiar language of the ring. What, for instance, could be more expressive than 'in chancery,' for a pugilist whose head is in a position from which it cannot be extricated without serious damage?

It will be noticed that I have made no reference to our two national games. Cricket is not of very great antiquity and was probably, at first, a local game. What small contribution it has made to our metaphor is comparatively recent. The use of the word 'cricket' in the general sense of fair-play is not in the New English Dictionary, so would appear to be an introduction of the last few years. 'To keep one's end up' is also, I believe, comparatively modern. The five-minute bombardments of our seaside resorts by German destroyers were commonly called 'tip and run raids.' In the *Westminster Gazette,* I read recently that 'Mr. Marshall Stevens had two questions down to the Prime Minister. On the first occasion, Mr. Neal fielded substitute for Mr. Lloyd George.' Any Englishman understands what is meant, but the metaphor is not in general use. Perhaps the most familiar cricket phrase is 'to score off,' which lickens the baffled one to an unsuccessful bowler. I believe that this figure of speech came into use at Cambridge about 1880.

Football is now a game of skill. Its mediæval ancestor apparently was not. The early allusions to it, from the fourteenth century onwards, are in legal enactments forbidding its practice, the general opinion being well expressed by Elyot, who, in his *Governour,* describes it as 'nothing but beastly fury and extreme violence.' It has made, as far as I know, no important contribution to English metaphor, for the figurative sense of 'goal,' as in 'the goal of one's ambition,' is from the foot-race. With the foot-race is also connected the modern expression 'never to look back,' used of a career of uninterrupted success, like that of the runner who leads easily 'from start to finish.' And, by the way, the word 'career' itself originally meant a chariot-race, a sense which is still hazily present to our minds when we speak of a runaway team 'careering' down the street.

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(*The Bookman*)

SIR EDWARD ELGAR

BY GEORGE SAMPSON

A FEW weeks ago I heard Elgar's new "Cello Concerto' at the Queen's Hall. The solo was played most admirably by Miss Beatrice Harrison, whom I pause to salute as a player of genius, with the touch of personality that labor can develop but never bestow. No quantity of pains that you take (or inflict) will make you a genius on viol, lute, or shawn. Labor will make you technically dexterous, but it will not give you the mysterious something that distinguishes genius from talent, the interpreter from the recorder. Immediately after the Elgar 'Concerto' came Strauss's 'Tod und Verklarung,' which I had heard and liked, at its first performance here, in 1897, and have heard and liked many times since. As I wended homewards, reflecting on the music, it seemed to me that these two pieces were engaged in a kind of conflict. They took, at last, the shape of two antagonistic forms of art, the art that is thought out, and the art that is felt out. The contest seems worth following, as it may give us a general view of Elgar and what he represents. A general view is certainly all I propose to attempt at the moment.

I am not going to deny that in the art that is thought out there may be a good deal of feeling, and that in the art that is felt out there may be a good deal of thought. The vital difference is that in the one the inspiration is mainly artistic, and in the other mainly intellectual. Now, it seemed to me that, however faulty Elgar's concerto may prove when tested by familiarity, it was genuinely felt out, that its inspiration was purely artistic, and that Strauss's tone-poem, with all its camouflage of technical effectiveness, was something elaborately thought out; that its inspiration was mainly intellectual. I believe, in fact, that Strauss thinks in the terms of one art and writes in the terms of another. He is like Berlioz, to whose 'Symphonie Fantastique' Strauss's 'Tod und Verklarung' is almost exactly parallel. Berlioz was an immensely clever man, with a great knowledge of technique; but Berlioz scarcely exists, to-day, as a musician, because he was a man of letters who tried to express himself in music. Strauss, I feel, is that kind of composer. What captures one, at first, in his music is its air of literary distinction, and, as this is undeniable, and even genuine, one goes on liking him until (as is always the case) the surface wears off, and the nature of the substance exhibits itself. I do not merely mean that Strauss's orchestral pieces are what is called 'programme music.' That does not matter. A great deal of undescribed music is programme music, and the tendency of time is to wear out the programme, and leave the music—if there is any. Elgar's 'Enigma' variations are programme music of which we do not know the programme. Beethoven's great Leonora overture is programme music of which the programme is immaterial; it would remain a superb composition if every

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other trace of 'Fidelio' were lost. The point I make about Strauss is that his compositions are conceived and carried out in the spirit of literature, and not in the spirit of music; and what seems to me significant is that he has tended to become more literary and less musical. Consider all his tone-poems from 'Don Juan' to 'The Domestic Symphony,' and you will, I think, admit the truth of this. 'Don Quixote' (another 'cello concerto!) is a specially good example, for here he has jumbled his planes, even though in certain passages he has perhaps touched the height of his purely musical achievement. In trying to occupy the desk-chair and the music-stool at once, he has come heavily to the ground.

Long before this, the patient reader will have been wanting to remark that he had supposed this article was to be about Elgar, and that it seems to be about Strauss. I have not forgotten Elgar. In fact, I have been describing him all the time; for the conclusion of my homeward reflections on that conflict of artistic principles was that Elgar's great merit consists in his being just what Richard Strauss is not—or, if you prefer it, in his not being just what Richard Strauss is. There are places in his work where he stumbles; there are places where he is clearly below his best; there are places where he becomes elaborate merely because he is concealing a thin patch of invention with technical display; but I think there is no place in all the work of his that I know, where he ceases to be a genuine musician, moved by the spirit of music. Where he succeeds, he succeeds as a musician; where he fails, he fails as Beethoven and Brahms sometimes failed, he fails as a musician, without trying for success of an alien order. Elgar is a man of serious and cultivated taste in literature, but he never writes the music of a man of letters.

That he is a genuine musician is the major proposition to be asserted of him; and I think the next is that he is a genuinely English musician. Some time ago, the art-for-art's-sake people used to maintain that art was universal, not national, and that to talk about British art was as ridiculous as to talk about British mathematics. (Personally I would not talk about either. I know what English is; I do not know what British is.) The fallacy of the contention is obvious. Art is not mathematics. Art is the embodiment of a personality; mathematics is not. The desire for unnational art comes strangely from the countrymen of Shakespeare, for Shakespeare is richly, almost rankly, English. He could not conceivably have been Irish, or Scottish, or Welsh, or French, or Italian, or Spanish; and, certainly, not German. There is the smell of English earth, the touch of English weather, the breadth of English humor, the soul of English character in all that he wrote. Shakespeare is English; Milton might have been translated from the Latin. Elgar's music has an unmistakably English quality. There is nothing of his that could have been written by anyone not English—like Shakespeare, by the way, he is a west-midlander. Whether he writes of Alassio, or Spain, or Bavaria, he writes as an Englishman. Even when he drops into a sentimental piece like 'Salut d'Amour' or a popular tune like the 'Pomp and Circumstance' (or 'Land of Hope and Glory') refrain, it is English sentiment, English commonness

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that he achieves. And how, it may be asked, is he especially English? Well, he is strong, sincere, wholesome, reserved, a little self-conscious, humorous without being witty, learned without being pedantic, original, without being eccentric, emotional, and sentimental, without losing restraint and a care for the decencies of life. He puts all of a reverent heart into his work, but he never parades it as a spectacle. He is never showy or bedizened, neither he is ever dowdy or sordid. You might call his music moral, and, in the best sense, it is respectable. It is the music of a country in which conduct is (or was) three parts of life. Think of 'Gerontius,' the subject of which is the death of a man and the passing of his soul into eternity. How easily a musician with all the resources of a modern orchestra and massed voices could let himself run wild with such a theme! But Elgar is not metaphysical as Brahms would have been, or hysterical as Chaikovsky would have been, or realistic as Strauss would have been, or ecclesiastical as Franck would have been. 'Gerontius' is not like the 'German Requiem' of Brahms, touched with the dread and fear of death, or like the 'Requiem' of Verdi, an outburst of almost romantic emotionalism; it is solemn, sincere, and deeply moving, but nobly restrained, and mindful of the power that comes from self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control. By a significant chance, the part of Gerontius found an ideal exponent in the late Gervase Elwes, himself the embodiment of an English gentlemen's deep feeling, restraint, and dignity. Elgar's first Symphony is inscribed to a dead king of England; but it is not pompous or abject, and its 'Funeral March' is an elegy, not a shriek. Compare his two symphonies with any two symphonies of Chaikovsky, and you will feel the difference between what is English and what is Russian. Scratch a Russian and you find a Tartar; scratch an Englishman and you find a gentleman. Even in the more impersonal 'Violin Concerto' the national character seems to prevail; it is as English as the last movement of the Brahms 'Concerto' is Hungarian. The grace of Elgar is English, not Latin. He does not glitter, and he does not give us, as Debussy does, with French lucidity, a series of epigrams or *choses vues*. Elgar is, as I said, almost self-consciously English, for his favorite musical direction is *Nobilmente*. It is a good word. That is how Cromwell lived and Milton wrote, and Hampden fought, and King Charles died. It is how Algernon Sidney went to the scaffold, and how Robert Scott perished in the Antarctic. Elgar's nobility is not a caste possession, and has nothing in common with the brute tyranny of the Junker, or the elaborate ceremony of the *ancien regime*. It is the nobility of soul on which he calls, not the pedantry of quarterings—a truly English nobility, the nobility of a people, of a land where a great peer was also the Great Commoner.

Another quality for which he should be praised is that he has never written beyond his means. (In parenthesis I should like to pay a similar tribute to another musician, untimely dead, Samuel Coleridge Taylor, who was not a great composer, but who never tried to delude the public into thinking that he was. He never wrote beyond his means, and his music will endure the longer.) The young English com-

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poser of a generation ago set out with an oratorio on the scale of the B minor Mass. The young English composer of a time slightly later began with a mythic trilogy on a scale exceeding 'The Ring.' The young English composer of recent date procured a quantity of forty-stave music paper, and, having filled every bar of every stave with noises for all possible combinations of instruments (including some new ones), called the product a Symphonic Poem. What early music of Elgar's never came to performance, no one but himself can say; but, certainly, none of his known works overleaped his capacity. He has never made the mistake of writing his last works first. I heard 'King Olaf' and other pieces in the nineties; I heard 'The Dream of Gerontius' as soon as it came to London; I attended the Elgar Festival at Covent Garden (and a worse place for hearing his music you could never find); I have heard the first performance of all his later concert works publicly given in London; and I see him, through all those years, a real musician, developing and expanding as naturally as Beethoven developed from the Septet to the last Quartets.

In that development there are the marks of authentic growth. Elgar has grown out of himself, stage by stage, without any abnormality Walter Bagehot long ago pointed out that an enduring community is one that has the gift of conservative innovation, of matching new institutions to old. That this is true of art as well as of politics, Ruskin knew when he said that men of genius are known by their respect to law and tradition, their work being, not innovation, but a new creation, built upon the foundations laid of old. That is a very important principle. The art of To-day that does not contain a little of Yesterday will not have a To-morrow. We are the heirs of time. The inconoclasts who cry 'Let us have done with the Past; we are the men of the Future,' ignore the simple, supreme, and determining fact that we are all (themselves included) creations of the Past, and can neither make nor receive except as the Past has taught us. Indeed, all that we create is part of the Past as soon as it is created, and it is the living Past or dead Past according as we add to, or merely repeat, the Past that was our forefathers'. The original child who decides to be totally unlike its parent and to have two heads and four hands will perish as the freak it is. 'Es klang so alt, und war doch so neu,' exclaimed Hans Sachs, when he thought of the puzzling music he had heard. That is the note that all enduring art must have, the note of a genuine ancestry and of a genuine personal quality. Beethoven took the symphony as Mozart left it, and, destroying nothing, made it a new creation. Brahms took the symphony as Beethoven left it, and, changing little, made it the vehicle of a real contemporary utterance. Elgar has taken, one by one, all the old classical forms, but he has not been mastered by their shapes, or intimidated by their great traditions. His symphonies and concertos are built upon the foundations which were laid by the masters of old, but the building is his own, not an imitation of theirs. His music, with all its homage to the past, is the expression of a new personality. He does not write, he has never written, the *Kappelmeister* music into which

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the merely academic mind so readily drops.

At the risk of an anti-climax, I will add that another mark of Elgar's greatness is that he can do little things and do them well. He has 'magnoperated' with the best, but, like the other masters, he has known how to unbend, and some of his music has become popular in the best sense. It is not given to many musicians to find a song of theirs become, as 'Land of Hope and Glory' has, an accepted unofficial national anthem. I am inclined to think it is a weakness of Elgar that he is afraid of his popular vein—he seems at times to avoid the obvious, and seek the recondite, lest the composer of 'The Apostles' should be lured into another 'Pomp and Circumstance.' 'Be not afraid of greatness' was the fatal advice to one whom ambition was to betray. 'Be sometimes afraid of greatness' is sound advice even to an acknowledged master. But not all of Elgar's minor compositions can be called popular. His exquisite part songs are small, but they are not least among his works.

Elgar had the good fortune to be the son of a working musician, and to grow up in the atmosphere of his art. His development has thus been natural and wholesome, and not academically distorted. The circumstances that prevented him from going as a student to Leipzig perhaps seemed cruel at the time, but the failure saved his art alive. He has had to work his way through many forms of professional drudgery, writing or adapting the things that had to be used practically and immediately, instead of the formal, impracticable things that perish in the Conservatoire incinerator. Leipzig might have given him a fatally wrong orientation. As it is, he is the one modern musician of high rank and noble achievement whom Englishmen can claim as their own. They can claim him with just pride and admiration.

[*To-Day*]

PLAINT

BY EDWIN ESSEX

So let me pass
As passeth even grass;
So let me fade
As perisheth the shade.
And as the chaff
Is burned . . . I hear Thee laugh

And dimly know
My passing must be slow
Through tardy years
Of swift and silent tears.
My loneliness
Not even Thou canst guess!

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[*Westminster Gazette*]

THE FLOWER

BY WALTER DE LA MARE

Horizon to horizon, bends outspread
The tenting firmament of day and night;
Wherein are winds at play; and planets shed
Amid the fixed stars their sliding light.

The huge world's sun flames on the snow-capped hills;
Cindrous his heat burns in the sandy plain;
With myriad spume-bows roaring ocean swills
The cold profuse abundance of his rain.

And Man, a transient object in this vast,
Sighs o'er a Universe transcending thought,
Afflicted by vague bodings of the past,
Driv'n toward a future, unforseen, unsought.

Yet, see him, stooping low o'er naked weed
That meeks its blossom in his anxious eye,
Mark, how he grieves, as if his heart did bleed,
And wheels his wondrous features to the sky;
As if, transfigured by so small a grace,
He sought Companion in Earth's dwelling place.

[*To-Day*]

TO BACCHUS

BY W. H. DAVIES

I'm none of those—Oh Bacchus, blush
That eat sour pickles with their beer,
To keep their brains and bellies cold;
Ashamed to let one laughing tear
Escape their hold.

For only just to smell your hops
Can make me fat and laugh all day,
With appetite for bread and meat:
I'll not despise bruised apples, they
Make cider sweet.

'Tis true I only eat to live,
But how I live to drink is clear;
A little isle of meat and bread,
In one vast sea of foaming beer,
And I'm well fed.

[*The Spectator*]

CREDO

BY MARGARET SACKVILLE

What is the end, then? Not a sigh, a kiss,
A memory, a tear, a sobbing breath?
Hearts proud as ours can stoop to no such death;
Our royal state can scarce descend to **this.**
Not thus, Most Dear, shall we each other miss;
Ours is the earth, its sorrow and its pride,
We are an army marching side by side
On to innumerable victories.
Your laughter and my tears, my tears, your laughter—
These things are life; these live; these shall not pass
While we two live, who are so living, yet.
And if we're tired at night, well, sleep comes after—
Sleep gentle as the swaying of long grass
In a cool meadow which salt winds leave wet.

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